McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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State Library

CONDITIONS GREATLY IMPROVED.

The Worst Is Said to be Over in the Great Financial Flurry.

CAPITALISTS COME TO RESCUE.

Federal Funds to the Amount of $10,000,000 Were Deposited in New York Banks.

According to dispatches in this morning's papers there was a sharp turn of sentiment in New York financial quarters late yesterday, renewed confidence in local banking institutions taking the place of the panicky feeling that has threatened solvent houses and demoralized the stock exchange for the past few days. Last night those financiers whose deliberate opinions are most highly esteemed by the public expressed the conviction that the worst was over, and that out of the present chaos a condition more stable than has for some time existed, was rapidly shaping itself.

Several factors contributed to this change of feeling. First and foremost was the determination reached to-day by men of great influence in the financial world, and whose probity is unquestioned, to restore confidence, insure safety and prevent panic. Conspicuous among these were J. Pierpont Morgan and James Stillman, president of the National City bank.

Next in point of influence was the presence at the sub-treasury of Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou, who lent not only the moral influence of a representative of the government, but during the course of the day caused to be deposited in New York a large sum, said to be $10,000,000.

The failure of the Knickerbocker Trust Co., which suspended Tuesday, to re-open yesterday, did not exercise such an adverse influence on the general situation as might have been expected, and the early action of Acting Superintendent of Banks Skinner in taking possession of the institution on advice of the Attorney General, gave rise to a feeling of relief, as it was felt that the State officials would make the most out of the situation. It is said to be a question whether the institution will ever re-open, at least under the present management.

The flurry in Pittsburg financial circles is practically at an end.

Found Dead in Woods.

Kane Republican: Carl W. Gustafson, aged twenty-nine years, who resides on Walnut street was found dead in the woods Monday about two miles from Kane, on the Jo Jo road. He left his home on Tuesday, October 8, telling his wife he was going to Jamestown and that was the last she had seen of him.

When first found it was supposed he had been accidentally shot by hunters but upon examination this proved untrue as no marks were found on his body, although his face was badly bruised, and one eye injured, where he had fallen from a log, face downward, this being the position he was in when found.

Burgess Gillis was notified and he instructed, Justice of the Peace, P. D. Hopkins, Dr. Baker, and undertaker, Costello, to go and get the body and bring it to Kane. The body was removed to the undertaking rooms of the Kane Furniture company, and prepared for burial. The man had evidently been dead about six days. The wife and brother were notified of the sad occurrence.

His parents, wife, two children and one brother survive him. The remains were interred in the Swedish cemetery Wednesday afternoon.

Hunting Accident.

An Olean special in Saturday's Era says: With his head, shoulders and upper part of his back filled with small shot, Herman E. Bunce, aged 20 years, lies in a critical condition at the Olean hospital, the victim of a hunting accident which occurred near Shinglehouse yesterday afternoon. Unless tetanus ensues, he will recover.

Mr. Bunce, who is a civil engineer in the employ of the W. N. Y. & P. Traction Co., with Alden VanCampen of this city, went to Shinglehouse to hunt. Woodchuck was the game sought. Mr. Bunce's head, upon which was a gray hat, was mistook for a woodchuck and Mr. VanCampen shot at it. The victim did not lose consciousness and assisted by his companion, reached this city, where Dr. J. E. K. Morris attended him.

Of Interest to the P. H. C.

The Protected Home Circle will initiate a class of twenty next Tuesday evening. The Exemplified Degree will be put on under the direction of J. M. Evans of Sharon, Pa., who has been here for the past week in the interest of the Order, and will be the first time that it has been used in the Smethport Circle. All members are requested to attend and see this beautiful work put on and hear Mr. Evans talk.

HON. ANTHONY F. BANNON, Republican Candidate for County Treasurer.

Candidate A. F. Bannon.

Hon. A. F. Bannon, Republican candidate for county treasurer, was born at Blossburg in 1847. From the age of 12 to 22, he labored in the coal mines with his father. Most of his education was obtained by attending night school. He was able, however, to secure an excellent education. After leaving Blossburg, he was a short time engaged as a brakeman on the Northern Central railroad. After this spending two years he resumed mining operations in Elk and Clearfield counties. From 1870 to 1879 he was a clerk in a grocery store at Blossburg. He then engaged in business for himself until 1875, when he accepted a contract to build a section of the Elmira and State Line railroad. In 1877, he came into the oil country and became an employe of the Erie railroad at Kendall Creek. The next year he embarked in the coal business. He soon discovered oil upon his property, and sold out his interest in 1883 in the coal business, and has since been identified with the development of the oil industry.

From his boyhood up, Senator Bannon has been a staunch Republican. In 1880 he was elected coroner of McKean county by a majority of 1,004 votes. In 1885 he was chairman of the Republican county committee and was a prominent candidate in the convention for county treasurer. In 1884 he was elected sheriff of McKean county by a majority of 1,093 votes, although he ran against one of the most popular Democrats in the county.

In 1888 the Republican convention of McKean county gave him their unanimous endorsement for State Senator. In 1890 he was elected reading clerk of the State Senate and in the session of 1891 was elected journal clerk of the same body. In 1892 he was elected State Senator from this district comprising the counties of McKean, Potter and Tioga, by a majority of 4,161. In this last office Senator Bannon had ample opportunity to display the qualities of statesmanship and made a most excellent record. The interests of his constituents and the entire State were well served by him.

Later he filled the position of a State bank examiner and his record in that office is an excellent one.

Senator Bannon is emphatically a man of the people, and has at heart the interests of all classes. His long experience in public affairs has made him a man of great executive skill. In the affairs of party he has been active and prominent and he enjoys the complete confidence of the people generally. He is a member of the K. O. T. M. and A. O. U. W. of Bradford and a great friend of fraternal orders.

Sad Smethport Romance.

They had not been acquainted very long but he loved her dearly. In fact it was about all over but the wedding, and the man and maid were strolling together on King street.

"Love me, love my dog?" suddenly asked the girl with a confident smile.

"What kind of a dog?" demanded the young man. He was very much in love, but cautious.

"French poodle," she replied.

With a sigh that sounded like a switch-engine, the young man turned away and slowly departed, sobbing bitterly. True love can stand for many disagreeable things, but it has its limitations.

Entertained Their Friends.

Hon. and Mrs. James A. McKean and Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Cologrove very pleasantly entertained a large party of friends at the home of the former couple last night. The evening was one of great pleasure and all enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Dinner was served at 6 o'clock, after which euchre was played until late in the evening.

These popular hosts and hostesses will entertain another party of friends to-night.

Mrs. Harry L. Backus will take a limited number of pupils for instruction on the piano. For further particulars call at 605 E. Main street, or 'phone 47b.

For rent—Desirable flat. For particulars call at H. W. Rubin's store.

Millions to Found Orphanage.

Robert N. Carson, who recently died at Norristown, Pa., left the larger part of an estate valued at $5,000,000, for the founding of the Carson College for Orphan Girls, which is to be located on not less than fifty nor more than one hundred acres of land of the Erdenheim Stock Farm, on that part of it nearest Flourtown, Pa.

The object of the college is declared by the will to be the care, education, maintenance and support of poor, white, healthy girls, both of whose parents shall be deceased. In the matter of admission to the college preference is to be given equally to girls born in the city of Philadelphia and county of Montgomery and, after that, admissions are to be to those born in the State of Pennsylvania, and, lastly, to those born in the United States. The age of admission is between 6 and 10 years and of discharge from the college at 18 or earlier if the trustees deem it for the best interest and advantage of the girls.

They are to be given a good moral training and taught all the common English branches, and if any of them are capable and so desire they are also to be taught the elements of instrumental or vocal music. The domestic arts, including laundrying and dressmaking, and, so far as possible, the domestic sciences are to be taught so that the girls may be prepared to take up successfully housekeeping and nursing.

In order to avoid the appearance of charity and to encourage individuality among the girls, there is to be no uniformity of dress. The girls will live in cottages and in each cottage there are to be not above twenty-five girls.

No religious sect, denomination or church is to have control of the institution or its funds, nor are any religious services to be held in the institution which are exclusive or peculiar to any church. The girls are to be carefully instructed in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity and no clergyman, ecclesiastic or missionary of any sect is to be excluded from the grounds, but there is to be no proselyting or reference to their own peculiar tenets or belief expressed before the pupils.

The management of the college is to be intrusted to a board of seven trustees who are to be appointed by the executors and trustees of the will.

"Arrival of Kitty" Welcomed.

After Monday night's performance of "The Arrival of Kitty," at the Lyceum, a young lady was heard to remark that Fred R. Wren was an "old pench," and that is an excellent description of the veteran actor, who kept the crowd laughing for two solid hours. Mr. Wren is as funny and tuneful and almost as lively as he was twenty-five years ago. His age must be crowding seventy, but judging from all appearances, he can continue in the laudable profession of amusing his fellow men for many years to come. Miss Blanche Bates, who has scored such remarkable success during the past few years in "The Girl from the Golden West," is a grandniece of Mr. Wren. "Colonel Bell," as portrayed by Mr. Wren, shows a jolly old sport who gets himself into several peaks of trouble and it his work which makes a "go" of the show.

Clark Williams was amusing at times as "Benjamin Moore." J. Benson Stafford is a clever female impersonator. Misses Florence Forrest and Josephine Marie Knoll as "Kitty" and "Jane" respectively, were pleasing in appearance and actions. The remaing parts are in the hands of capable people.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Oct. 19, 1907:

Hugh Barnes, Miss Violet Huoy, Miss Mable McCarthy (4), N. C. Parish, Bert Peasley, Mrs. Ida Pratt, Miss Ida Swanson. Foreign: Vincenzo Pappelli.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

The Democratic Candidate on Issues.

John G. Harman is the name of the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer in Pennsylvania. Owing to the laxity of the campaign doubtless many thousands of voters had forgotten it. Mr. Harman is making a speech now and then, and his favorite expression seems to be, "there is only one request that I have to make of Mr. Sheats my opponent, and the party for which he stands—that they come out in the open and fight this contest. I am ready at any and all times to discuss the issues with him."

"Issues?" What issues?

Does the Democratic candidate presume to say that just because he is a Democrat he can run the affairs of the State Treasury more honestly than a Republican who is admitted to be honest, above reproach, and who owns himself?

Does a record go for nothing?

As a matter of fact the only "issues" that Mr. Harman erects is that he is a Democrat and his opponent is a Republican.

There never was a time in Pennsylvania when this great Republican State could be induced to turn to the Democracy, all other things being equal. In days of excitement, of suspicion, of hysteria, Republicans have administered a rebuke to the "organization." But when the Republican people themselves nominate candidates, when they know that their candidates are faultless, when they find these men united in behalf of good government, they never see any reason why a man of their own choice should be repudiated merely because his opponent is a Democrat.

When rebukes are given at the polls they are intended to purify. Who shall say that the Republican Party, as well as its candidates, is not thoroughly in earnest?

Who shall dare to hold up the Republican administration at Harrisburg as anything but pure, capable, honest, sincere?

Both Governor Stuart and the Republican people have taken hold of the abuses of the past, as represented by the State Capitol looters, and have decreed that there shall be a thorough cleansing. That cleansing process is in operation. Today the government of Pennsylvania stands for all that is best in government. It is a model for other commonwealths.

Prosperous, without debt, every penny accounted for, Pennsylvania proudly lifts her head and invites the most careful inspection.

That being the case why are the Republicans expected to elect a Democrat, whose only issue is that he is a Democrat, to office?

It cannot be done. Now is the time to express confidence in the Republican Party, not to spurn it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Fahy-Birmingham.

At St. Salma's church, Clermont, Pa., Thursday morning, Oct 18, 1907, at 8 o'clock, Miss Genevieve, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Birmingham, was united in marriage to Mr. John Francis Fahy. Rev. Father Doyle performed the ceremony.

After the ceremony the happy couple and guests repaired to the home of the bride's parents, where an excellent repast was served.

Miss Helen Maloney of Bradford, a cousin of the bride's, was maid of honor. Mr. John Francis Keating, Jr., acted as best man.

Amid showers of rice and congratulations, the bride and groom departed on the 3:35 P. R. R. train for Buffalo and intermediate points.

The happy couple are two of Clermont's most popular young people. Miss Birmingham is an accomplished young lady and a favorite among her young friends. The groom is one of Clermont's most energetic young men and is employed by the Clermont Sewer Pipe Co., where he holds a very competent position. Mr. and Mrs. Fahy were the recipients of many beautiful and useful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Fahy will reside in Clermont.

J. E. K., Jr.

Returned the Typewriter.

On Sunday Oct. 13 a typewriter belonging to W. S. Palmer was stolen from the office of the late Robert King and mention of the affair was made in last week's MINER. Tuesday night about 7 o'clock members of the King family heard a knock at the back door of their home and upon responding to the summons found the typewriter had been left there but no person was in sight.

Whether the taking and return of the typewriter was somebody's idea of a joke, or the act of a conscience-smitten plunderer are matters for conjecture.

Trial Catarrh treatments are being mailed out free, on request, by Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. These tests are proving to the people—without a penny's cost—the great value of this scientific prescription known to druggists everywhere as Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by All Dealers.

L. K. Hogarth has just received a large new stock of Hand Painted China and Cut Glass. Goods to be sent away will be packed free of charge.

Spoke at the Court House.

Rev. E. D. Killinger, a Lutheran minister of Ashland, Pa., is making a two weeks' campaign tour of McKean county in the interest of the Prohibition party. He addressed an audience at the court house last night. J. W. Neilly, acting county chairman and advertising manager of the Prohibition party, spoke briefly but warmly in regard to the virtues of the Prohibition office seekers.

Rev. W. A. Harris of the Methodist church offered prayer.

Dr. Killinger's theme was "Public Sentiment No Safeguard of Public Safety." His purpose was to show that public sentiment was variable and inconstant, sometimes right, sometimes wrong. His conclusion was that the need of the hour is men of conviction, men of strong and true character, ready to stand for the right even against great odds. He will deliver another address to-night at the court house, subject, "The Licensed Saloon an Un-American Institution." The Rev. Killinger is an orator of considerable ability.

Shawmut Railroad News.

The work of building the new Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroad between Hulls, a short distance above Brockwayville and Brookville, has been completed with the exception of the finishing touches, and the first train of cars ever run between Brookville and Brockwayville, over the new line and by this direct route, will be run some day next week probably Tuesday. The Shawmut has been working in poor coal and low seams for a great many years, ever since they commenced operations, in fact, but their new coal properties in Jefferson and Armstrong counties are the best in this section of the state, and the most valuable. In Jefferson county the company has properties that develop 38 feet of coal in 3 seams and in most of the Armstrong county properties there are seams running from four to seven feet in thickness, and it is spoken of as the finest bituminous coal in the world.—DuBois Express.

Season Opens too Early.

That the legislature made a mistake in opening the rabbit season so early is the opinion of several exchanges. They say that the first rabbits killed were actually unfit to eat, their meat being unpalatable. There is probably something in this. The flesh of the rabbit improves under the influence of cold weather and November 1 is plenty early enough in the season to begin gunning for them. It is stated that an attempt will be made to have the season restored as it was under the old way and if the country people can have their way the movement will succeed.

Ridgway Girl Stricken Blind.

A great misfortune has befallen Miss Grace Day, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. D. B. Day of Ridgway. Miss Day and her sister, Edith, are students in the conservatory of music in Ithaca, N. Y. and Monday morning Grace complained of her eyes. Her sight began to fail and before night she was totally blind. The stricken girl accompanied by her sister arrived in Ridgway at 1 o'clock Tuesday morning and she is now at her home, where all is being done for her that the local physicians can suggest, but she remains entirely bereft of sight.

Must Pay Whole Salary.

The department of public instruction has issued a warning to the school districts of the State, that they must pay the increased salary under the Snyder act at once. It has been reported that in some districts teachers are being paid their old salaries with a promise that when the increased district appropriation is received from the state at the end of the school year they will be paid the difference. If evidence of such procedure comes to the state authorities the appropriation will be withheld.

Germans Won Balloon Race.

The Pommern, German balloon, won first prize in the international cup competition which closed yesterday, by making the longest flight. The race started from St. Louis and the Pommern landed at Asbury Park, N. J., a distance estimated at 880 miles, which was covered in 48 hours 59 minutes. The French Balloon, L'Isle de France, was a close second, making 875 miles in fact may be declared the winner when official measurements are complete.

Closing out sale at store of D. C. Young. Call and look over remaining stock of merchandise, and find many articles which you can use, at cost or even less.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Strardvent.

For sale—New modern residence on West King street, one of the finest locations and a bargain. S. P. Button.

If you appreciate good candy buy Belle Mead Sweets at McCoy's Drug Store.

Wanted—A good cook to act as first girl. Call on or address Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Phonographs on easy payments. Palace Pharmacy. Burg Chadwick, Prop.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Rasselas W. Brown, Esq., one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of Elk county, died at his home in Rasselas, Jones township, that county, on Monday June 27, 1897, of cancer of the liver, aged 78 years. Mr. Brown was born on a farm near Cicero, Onondaga county, N. Y., where he was buried on Wednesday of this week. His father was one of the early settlers of that county. He married Mary Brownell, sister of Judge W. S. Brownell, of this place, in Cicero, about 52 years ago. In 1841 the family moved to this county, settling in Williamsville, Sergeant township. Soon after he moved upon the property in Jones township, Elk county, on which he died. He was a man of sterling qualities and possessed a mental calibre of more than ordinary strength. His family consisted of a wife, three sons and three daughters. His sons are Hon. J. L. Brown of Wilcox, who has represented Elk county two terms in the Legislature; Hon. W. W. Brown of Bradford, who has represented Erie county two terms in the Legislature, and this (the old 16th) Congressional district, two terms in Congress, and Hon. Isaac B. Brown of Corry, who has represented Erie county three times in the Legislature and is now filling the position of deputy secretary of internal affairs at Harrisburg. His daughters are Mrs. Mary A. Allen of Cicero, N. Y., wife of Geo. R. Allen, Esq., one of the first publishers of this paper, and Mrs. Wm. Hewitt of Early, Elk county.

The mother of John P. Wilson, formerly of the Democrat office, died at Big Run, Jefferson county, on Friday, June 24, 1887. Mr. Wilson has the heartfelt sympathy of a large circle of Smethport friends in his bereavement.

The residence of Mrs. Kate Potter Baker on the river road about two miles east of Larrabee with nearly all of its valuable contents, were destroyed by fire on Sunday morning, July 3, 1887. The loss was exceedingly severe upon Mrs. Baker, as many of the paintings, etc., of her late husband, who was a superior artist, were entirely consumed. Among the treasures lost was a gold medal which was awarded to Mr. P. for many years ago by the Emperor Napoleon for bravery in saving life.

The 2-year-old child of Newton Hyde, of Potato creek, died very suddenly Monday morning, July 4, 1887.

Charles Freeman is the lucky man of Young lady of the regulation size and weight.

Saturday evening, July 2, a large number of relatives and friends gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Starks, in Mechanicsdale, the occasion being the fifth wedding anniversary of their worthy people. A delightful evening was spent by all. The gifts of wooden ware were numerous, ornamental and useful. May the recipients live to celebrate their diamond wedding.

George Sprague met with a painful accident on July 4, 1887, which came near costing him the sight of one of his eyes. He was blowing on the end of the fuse of a fire cracker to facilitate the burning process and the fire communicating to the interior of the cracker too suddenly for him to drop it, the young lad received the charge of powder in his face. Dr. Brown was called, and after finding that the eye was not affected, dressed the wound and left the patient in a comfortable condition.

Harry Knapp, formerly of this place, besides being a first-class ball player has just demonstrated at DuBois that he is a swift sprinter. In a foot race last week with a professional hailing from New York, Harry vanquished his opponent by three yards in a race of 100. Tally another for Smethport.

Prohibition Column.

S. M. LOVE

Some unscrupulous politicians are going around the county trying to make the voters believe that Mr. Love has withdrawn from the race. This is an absolute untruth, because Mr. Love has not withdrawn nor has he any intention of so doing. Statements like the above ought to defeat any candidate making use of any such unfair methods.

Rev. Lewis has been speaking. Rev. E. B. Killinger of Ashland is on a two weeks' lecture trip. Mr. Love is making an active canvass, and J. W. Neilly is busy over the county. Prohibitionists are neither asleep nor is the cause or public sentiment dormant. All that temperance people need is a little courage and victory will soon be here.

Moral—stick to your guns and support Stevenson and Love.

J. W. NEILLY, press agent.

Do you know that Pinesalve Carbolized acts like a poultice in drawing out inflamation and poison? It is antiseptic. For cuts, burns, eczema, cracked hands it is immediate relief. 25 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Wanted—A girl for general house work. Apply or address Mrs. H. C. Wells.

Four cows for sale. F. A. Burdick, Keating township.

Surprising Semple.

By WILLIAM F. BRYAN.

Copyrighted, 1907, by P. C. Eastmans.

"Now, Grace, will look after the canary, but you will surely look after the plants, won't you?" pleaded Mrs. Semple. "Those plants are such beauties it would be a pity to have them die."

"They won't," assured Semple. "One pint to each plant, I remember."

"You're a dear!" she exclaimed. "It's awfully good of you, Ned, to let me go when you won't even have a tasty vacation yourself. I feel almost ashamed of myself leaving you all alone in the hot city."

"You have the time of your life," professed Semple. "I'll be all right. Don't you worry about me."

"I have such a surprise for you," she said, smiling through the tears that dimmed her eyes. "I want you to write and tell me just how you like it."

"What's the surprise? I'll bet it's a cat."

"Better than that and not half the trouble," she declared.

"There's my train being called. It's a shame they will not let you pass the gate. Kiss me again, dear, and do be careful of yourself."

Ned Semple kissed her not once, but half a dozen times. He worshipped this dainty little woman who had lifted him out of bachelordom and boarding houses and had made home a bit of paradise on earth. He hated to give her up for a whole six weeks, but he could not get away from town himself, and she needed the rest and change.

He waited until the train pulled out of the station and went back to the hot and stuffy office. It was no hardship to work when he worked for her, and there were certain deals that could not be neglected. If those deals went through they would both go to Europe next year, and the occasional problem of where the money for bills was to be found would be solved.

He reported at the office later than usual to make up for the time he had lost over their last lunch together. The occasional charwoman only made the desolation of the huge office building seem more pronounced. The elevators stopped at 8, and it was after 9 when he descended interminable flights of steps, and the sense of depression grew upon him.

In the street the open cars whizzed past crowded with tired workers who found in the speeding trolleys the breeze that could not be coaxed into their stuffy rooms. Whole families filled some of the cars, and Semple thoughtfully of how only two nights before he and Alida had taken a ride in the end of the eventless going clear to the end of the run and stopping at the restaurant for a late to eat.

He did not feel hungry enough, though he had had no dinner. He left the car at his corner and went up the shaded sidewalk.

The little house was unusually quiet. The absence of the pleasant presence that crowned his every day made the place seem lonely. As he opened the hall door he seemed to hear her voice call a cheery "Good evening, dear. I hope you had an easy day. Did you?"

Could it be possible, he asked himself, that Alida had come back? She might be hiding in one of the closets. He lighted the gas in every room, but he could find no trace of her save in the orderly neatness which worked all for his comfort.

He went back to the parlor and puffed thoughtfully at his pipe. In his low nervous state but one explanation of the phenomenon was suggested. Alida was dead, and in her love she had come to greet him. So thoroughly wrought up did he become that he telephoned the railroad company to ask if the train had been wrecked.

The response did not seem to soothe his ruffled feelings if it did reassure his anxiety, and at last he went to bed, only to toss restlessly. Sleep did not come until absolute physical exhaustion closed his eyes.

It seemed scarcely five minutes before the alarm clock rang, and he dragged himself out of bed. Alida had left coffee and crackers and condensed milk in the house, and he sipped a cup of coffee while he searched the morning paper for news of a wreck.

He could find nothing of the sort, and at last he started for the office. As he opened the door Alida's voice rang in his ears again: "Goodby, dear. I hope you have luck today."

It was what she always said, and, although it did not sound exactly like her voice, there was no mistaking certain tricks of speech. He hastily closed the door and hurried down the steps. There was a telegraph office at the corner, and he sent a telegram asking her to wire her safe arrival. In the office building was the booth of another company, and he sent a second dispatch. She was not due at her destination for a full two hours yet, and he could not hope to receive a message before noon, but he paced the office impatiently, unable to concentrate his attention upon anything except the lagging hands of the clock.

At last the blue uniformed boy appeared with a yellow envelope and departed richer by a half dollar tip. He was back in an hour with another message that ran: "Both telegrams received. Telegraphed upon arrival. Of course nothing is the matter."

The assurance brought contentment, and that afternoon Semple put through an important deal. In his elation he dined at their favorite restaurant, and it was late when he reached home. The same ghostly voice greeted him and dashed his pleasure. He moodily smoked his pipe until late, and the unusual allowance of tobacco wrought further havoc upon his tired nerves.

The natural result was a dream in which he vividly saw Alida swathed in bandages, alternately calling to him and begging the attendants not to let him know her peril lest it interfere with the consummation of his plans.

It was clear that in her longing for him her spirit projected itself through space and that same cold denial which had led her to keep back the news of her danger led her to give the old familiar greeting and farewell. Her spirit must be in the room.

On the way to the office he telegraphed her that he knew something must be wrong and that unless he received definite information at once he would leave on the next train.

The answer was a dual one. In addition to a long telegram his chum Ben Bradley put in an appearance. Bradley fenced for awhile with small talk, but at last he came to the point.

"Do you feel all right, old man?" he asked anxiously. "I had a wire from your wife. She seemed to think something was wrong."

"I am all right," said Semple wearily. "I've been nervous and dispirited and I got imagining things, I guess."

He could not tell even Bradley what he feared, but he was at last convinced that all was well with Alida, and he was content.

Bradley turned up after office hours that evening and carried him off to dinner. "Mrs. Bradley is visiting friends in the country today," he explained, "and I need company. I'll come around to your apartments afterward, and we'll have a good old time chat."

Semple brightened visibly at the suggestion, and when at last they reached home he opened the door confidently. His face went ghastly white as the voice floated out upon the air. He turned to see if Bradley had heard.

Bradley stood there with a smile upon his face. "That's a great idea, isn't it?" was his surprising comment.

"What's an idea?" asked Semple vaguely.

"Why, that phonograph," explained Bradley. "It's a German invention to be used in stores. When the door opens the phonograph announces the bargains of the day. A little alteration about this one so that the two messages could be given, one in the morning and the other when you came home. I was telling Mrs. Semple about it the night she was over to see my wife, and she had it fixed up as a surprise for you. I bet it was a startler, wasn't it?"

"It was," said Semple dryly, wondering how near to insanity he had been. "It was a decided surprise." Then he added to himself, "Now that I know it's going to be a comfort too."

REST AND SLEEP.

Only Rational Cures For Brain Fag and Nervous Exhaustion.

Sleep is the best and cheapest medicine, and it is within the reach of everybody. We require as much sleep as we can procure. We may work at high pressure if we sleep enough, but if we overwork and understeep ill health, insomnia and neurasthenia are almost certainly in store. One of the prime causes of ill health among men and women who have to work with their brains is neglect of sleep. The woman who curtails her sleep begins to worry.

Insufficient sleep in the first instance is a common cause of insomnia. Rest and sleep are the only rational cures for brain fag and nervous exhaustion. It is the highly developed mind that is liable to worry, the alert, highly strung individual who is prone to suffer from sleeplessness. The country folks can always sleep, and nobody ever saw a neurasthenic cow, but the higher the type the greater need for rest and a sufficient amount of sleep.

Neglect of sleep is perhaps the most fatal error made nowadays by busy people. Sleep is the only rational cure of as it is the natural safeguard against brain fag and nervous exhaustion. It is always the highly developed, energetic individual who is the first to suffer from worry and sleeplessness.—Mc-Call's Magazine.

THE RIOT ACT.

It Was Passed by the British Parliament in 1714.

What is commonly meant by "reading the riot act" is better known than the origin of the phrase. The historical riot act was passed by the British parliament in the reign of George I. in 1714. It enacts that felony is committed when twelve or more persons unlawfully, riotously and tumultuously assemble together to the disturbance of the public peace, so to continue together for an hour after being commanded to disperse by the sheriff or undersheriff or a justice of the peace or the mayor of the borough.

In the "reading" of the British riot act, which is a necessary preliminary to its being put into operation, it is not customary to recite the whole of the statute, which is rather a long one, but only the following proclamation, which it contains: "Our sovereign lord the king chargeth and commandeth all persons being assembled immediately to disperse themselves and peaceably to depart to their habitations or to their lawful business upon the pains contained in the act made in the first year of King George for preventing tumults and riotous assemblies. God save the King!"—Chicago News.

Queer Ant Wings.

In the "Comptes Rendus" M. Charles Janet has an interesting note on the muscular apparatus of the wings of the queen ant. Although the wings are only used once in a lifetime of perhaps ten years, this apparatus is the biggest organ in the body. After fertilisation the wings are cast aside and the muscles disappear, being replaced by little columns of adipose tissue. The disappearance of the muscles has been attributed to phagocytosis—that is, the absorbing of the tissues by leucocytes. Janet, however, shows that there is no phagocytosis, but that the material of the muscles goes to enrich the blood.—London Globe.

Virtue Unrewarded.

"Oh, hang it! Here I come home sober and my wife's so fast asleep she doesn't notice it at all!"—Meggendorfer Blatter.

THE VENEER CUTTER.

A Machine That Slices Wood as Thin as Shavings.

"The veneer cutter is one of the wonders of modern times," says a furniture man. "People who have never seen it work have not the faintest idea what it can do. Of course it is one result of the scarcity and high price of valuable timber, for if mahogany, rosewood, ebony and curled maple were as cheap as yellow pine there would be no need for a veneering machine, but the high prices of these woods compelled economy. The furniture makers were obliged to use them with parsimony; hence the inventions of the veneer cutter.

"A saw cutter will cut twenty-five or thirty slices of veneer from an inch of wood, and most people would think that this is a tolerably economical use even of rosewood. But the knife cutter shaves off the wood in a slice so thin that from 125 to 150 veneers to the inch can be cut, and still every one of these shavings preserves the color and shows the texture of the original wood, and so smoothly is the cutting done that very often no polishing is necessary. The cheapness with which the work is done may be appreciated by the fact that cigar boxes once used, then given away or made into kindling, are often manufactured of poplar or some other cheap wood and veneered with cedar simply because a box that looks like cedar is preferred by the dealers."—Baltimore American.

A LAKE OF FIRE.

Marvelous Phosphorescence of a Fish Pond in the Bahamas.

The lake of Waterloo is a phosphorescent sheet of water a thousand feet long near Nassau, in the Bahamas. At night it is like a sheet of living fire if any wind is stirring to ruffle its surface.

If the night be calm, says the Rotary Magazine, the water lies dark and still until some object sets it in motion. Little colored boys are ready to swim out into the lake, where they seem to be clothed in garments of flame, leaving a long trail of molten splendor behind them.

The oars when rowing are as when dipped in fire, and if one holds up a handful of the water and lets it fall it looks like beads of gold, and the fish that dart here and there, startled by the visitors, leave flashes of mystic glowing splendor behind them. The clumsy turtles that move about look like balls of fire, and when it rains the lake is like a mass of jewels. This marvelous display of phosphorescence has never been accounted for, as the lake is of artificial formation, having been made for the breeding of turtles by a Nassau resident.

The bed of the lake is cut out of solid limestone, and it is filled from the sea in which there is little of the phosphorescent quality.

Luther's "Ein Feste Burg."

In "Hymns Every Child Should Know" there are several interesting stories of Martin Luther's hymns. "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God." When Melanchthon and his friends were exiled after Luther's death they heard a little girl sing "Ein Feste Burg" in the streets of Weimar. Melanchthon said: "Sing on, my child. That little knows best how thy song cheers our hearts." In 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war was on this great German hymn again aroused the German nation. The singing of this hymn has been made the ground for many imprisonments. One group of men arrested for singing it finally escaped and went to England, where they fell in with the great Wesley, and their influence upon him served to bring about the extraordinary Methodist revival.

A Gracious Absence.

The half hour in the drawing room before dinner was an interesting "first impression" of that indescribable combination of warmth and frost known as a London hostess. Further experience taught me that Mrs. Marchbanks was a typical one.

The London hostess' invariable mode of procedure is a sudden inordinate gush of welcome, followed immediately by an icy stare. By the time you have politely responded to the welcome your hostess has forgotten your existence. Nay, more, she seems almost to have forgotten her own. She is vague, self absorbed and quite oblivious to your existence. I have heard of a lady with a gracious presence. The London hostess is best described by a gracious absence.—Punam's.

Indorsing the Asp.

In Marmontel's tragedy of Cleopatra, represented in the Theatre Francais, when the Egyptian queen was about ready to commit suicide she held in her hands a mechanical asp of cunning workmanship devised by Vaucanson, the most ingenious mechanician of his time. This venomous reptile reared its head and before plunging its apparent fangs into the arm of the actress gave a shrill hiss. A spectator thereupon arose and left the house with the simple but expressive remark, "I am of the same opinion as the asp."

Strong Part.

"You say your brother is with an opera company now?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Has he a strong part?"

"Yes, ma'am. Why, he's one of the fellers that hit the anvil in the anvil chorus."—Yonkers Statesman.

Fatal Honors.

Jimson—What became of that man who had twenty-seven medals for saving people from drowning? Dock Worker—He fell in one day when he had them all on, and the weight of 'em sunk him.

Mothers with little children need no longer fear croup, colds and whooping cough. Bees Laxative Cough Syrup tastes good. It works off the cold through the bowels, cuts the phlegm, clears the head. For young and old. Guaranteed. Secure a bottle at once. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

A Second Esmeralda.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

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When Hollister Funshaw first caught sight of her she was standing at the door of a dairy, her hands clasped behind her head. Her gown of rose colored print accentuated the lines of her supple figure. Her golden brown hair was gathered in a heavy coil at the nape of her neck. Beside her stood a brimming milk pail, its sides gleaming as the light struck them.

Funshaw paused. The roads over which he had ridden were dusty and parched under the heat of the July sun, and suddenly this dairy, set in its cool expanse of fields, seemed a most desirable place. Near by was the farm to which it belonged, a rambling old fashioned homestead. Funshaw's eyes swept it in one comprehensive glance and returned to the girl at the dairy door. He decided that nothing short of a glass of milk could quench his thirst. Dismounting, he tethered his horse to the fence.

"Could you tell me the road to Berkeley?" he inquired, for the truth was he had lost his way twice that morning, not so much from neglect of reading the signposts as from a dreamy inattention to their pointing fingers, for the spell of the great outdoors was on him, and he reveled in the air laden with the mingled fragrances of wood and field, the lure of the long white road. Yet now that he had questioned his dairy divinity he was once more alert; his dreaminess had fallen from him with astonishing quickness. But before the girl could reply an older woman looked from the doorway, and it was her voice that answered him.

She was plump and kindly, with a face like a December apple, ruddy and a bit withered. It was evident that few visitors passed that way, and she was urgently hospitable to her desire that Funshaw should not only refresh himself with her buttermilk, but that he should drink it in comfort, indicating a bench inside the dairy where the air seemed like a mountain spring compared to the drowsy blaze of noon without. Funshaw's horse was contentedly cropping beneath the shade of a giant oak, and Funshaw himself was equally contented and inclined to linger. He learned that this pleasant bit of rolling country was the Farley farm, and in return he vouchsafed the information that he had come from the Hillbrook House, the chief hotel of a summer colony some eight miles away. As he talked he glanced from time to time at the girl.

"A princess of curls and cream," he thought to himself. "I wonder how such a jewel came to have a rustic setting."

"I suppose you live here with your uncle and aunt, Mrs. Farley?" he hazarded.

The girl giggled.

"Mrs. Farley is not my aunt," she answered in a soft, drawling voice. "I'm an orphan. I work here."

Mrs. Farley opened her mouth as if to add something to this speech, thought better of it, closed it again and, rising, went to a shelf near by and continued her skimming.

The girl regarded Funshaw with wide, childlike blue eyes.

"I calculate to go to the city some day, myself," she said. "Tell me about New York." And Funshaw, glad of such a listener, plunged in at once with descriptions of Broadway and Wall street, the rush, the clamor, the glitter, of it all. The girl listened, entranced. Even Mrs. Farley hung on every word.

"I often tell Josiah it's a shame," she burst out, "that we live right here from year to year and never get away. Why, the biggest place we've ever been to is Clifford Junction. And I guess that, though the stores there seem big enough for me, they wouldn't be anything in New York."

"Oh, I don't know," said Funshaw quickly, fearing that his enthusiasm might have sown the first seeds of discontent. "Plenty of New Yorkers would be glad to own such a beautiful place as this."

Mrs. Farley glowed with pleasure. "I'll tell that to Josiah," she exclaimed. "He thinks there's nothing like the farm. And I hope," she added, "that if you're passing by this way you'll stop in and see us some time again."

Funshaw promised that he would. All at once the chattering groups on the hotel veranda seemed vapid and uninteresting. He discovered that golf and tennis bored him unutterably. Even the plans for the flower cotillion to be held three weeks hence failed to inspire him, though only the day before he had been one of the prime movers of the innovation. The sweets of popularity had become suddenly tasteless, for the very reason perhaps that Funshaw had had more than his share.

Every one liked the broad shouldered, frank eyed young fellow, from the senior partners of the law firm where he was making conspicuous progress to the freckled urchins that followed him about the golf course. He had won his own way up. His friends were the friends of a man who had a seemingly inexhaustible supply of native energy and pluck. He worked hard, and when time for recreation came he played hard, throwing himself into the enjoyment of his present vacation with all the zest and ardor of a boy.

His plans now had but one focus point—the Farley farm. Sometimes it was in the morning he rode over, sometimes late afternoon; but, whether late or early, fate favored him. Esmeralda was always there, now swinging butter with swift touches of her deft fingers, now pulling up tiny marauding weeds from the thrifty flower beds. And, as always, her talk, beginning where it might, ended with the perpetually fascinating topic of the city. Again and again he was forced to describe it for her, while Esmeralda listened with undagging attention, but when, to amuse her, he talked lightly and cleverly of the summer colony at Berkeley she paid little heed till he mentioned the dowager pavilion, and then she was like a child in her eagerness.

"Would you like to go?" asked Funshaw without waiting to consider the wisdom of the impulse.

Esmeralda was radiant, though Mrs. Farley was dubious concerning clothes. Yet when Funshaw rode over next morning it appeared that the question had been joyfully settled, and Esmeralda smiled to him from the upstairs window that if he would only wait she and Mrs. Farley would be down. After a short pause they came, Mrs. Farley first in a brown silk dress whose sleeves and panniers had grieved fashions that held sway some ten years ago, while Esmeralda's pale blue cashmere belonged to an even earlier period.

They were so innocently pleased with what Mrs. Farley termed "their fixings" that Hollister Funshaw had not the heart to protest. He mutely suggested that the road to the hotel was long and dusty and would work havoc with such finery and that the simple sprigged muslins that Esmeralda wore every day would do equally well, whereat Mrs. Farley merely smiled and produced two long black bombazine cloaks antedating even the brown silk and blue cashmere. These, she said, would cover them from head to foot so closely that not a speck of dust could penetrate.

For a moment Funshaw wondered. He had a fleeting vision of these two absurdly old fashioned figures among the ultra smart crowd at the Hillbrook. Then his eyes met Esmeralda's, sparkle with anticipation, and he inwardly called himself a coward and a snob. Whatever the outward symbol of dress might be, there was not a girl at Hillbrook who could compare with this princess of curls and cream.

The night of the dance was clear and cool. A breeze swept across upland and meadow. Even the loquacious Mrs. Farley seemed to feel the summer silence and on the way from the farm to Hillbrook spoke hardly a word. Esmeralda, too, was quiet. From the folds of her all enshrouding black bombazine cloak her neck rose white and slender. Her cheeks were faintly flushed, her eyes like stars. Never, thought Funshaw, had she looked more beautiful.

Some people on the broad hotel veranda paused curiously to watch the arrival of Hollister Funshaw and his guests.

The moment that passed while Mrs. Farley and Esmeralda removed their wraps was a miserable one for him. The world was full of snobs. Suppose his dairy divinity should be slighted, patronized.

"Love," cried a man in Funshaw's elbow, "I thought that Miss Van Remsyn was at Newport!"

Funshaw started. There, coming toward him, was a princess of curls and cream—the cream of white, glistening satin, the curls of billowing lace.

"Oh," he groaned beneath his breath, "what an unmitigated fool I've been—more stupid than the dullest dullard!"

"Yes," said Miss Van Remsyn, nodding, "dull enough to prefer the society of a poor little country girl—dull enough to be chivalrous, to ignore her inexperience, her ridiculous attempts at dress!"

"Dull enough to be madly in love with her!" cried Funshaw in half savage hopelessness.

"I shouldn't call that dull," murmured Miss Van Remsyn, with a humorous upward glance.

"Do you mean that there'd be a ghost of a chance for me?" stammered Funshaw, suddenly joyful.

"Oh, Hollister, are you quite, quite blind?" said Esmeralda the second.

Love Songs of the Birds.

It is a mistaken idea that a bird sings directly to and for the ear of his mate alone, wooing her with his music. Most of the finest songs are sung to other males after the stress of rivalry is past and each little lady's love secured. If the motive of the singing were to attract the female the best songs would be heard during the first stage of love making. But birds go very slyly about their mating, and when a male bursts out in song one can be pretty sure that the demure wife is very busy over important affairs of her own. Every close observer of birds must notice that the female is entirely indifferent to the singing of her mate. As the love season comes on a bird naturally overflows into song—may be to attract some female near, though every bird has a distinct significant love call, which carries as much as his song. The moment she appears upon the scene he has less musical ways of courting her. Should he go on singing some more strenuous suitor would surely get ahead of him. He will fight for her, feed her, coax her with low, guarding notes. But if he is singing loud and clear it is in triumph. She is won—is his—and, like all truly loving mates, gives him his freedom to go back to the springs of his being for rest and inspiration.—Virginia Garland in Out West.

Not Charlie's Gum.

"Now, Charlie," said the sweet faced little woman, "before you come into Sunday school, don't you think it would be nice to take your gum out of your mouth?"

"Yessum, but it ain't mine, it's my brudder's."—New York Press.

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Take the "Golden Medical Discovery" in time and it is not likely to disappoint you if only you give it a thorough and fair trial. Don't expect miracles. It won't do supernatural things. You must exercise your patience and persevere in its use for a reasonable length of time to get its full benefits. The ingredients of which Dr. Pierce's medicines are composed have the unqualified endorsement of scores of medical leaders—better than any amount of lay, or non-professional, testimonials. They are not given away to be experimented with but are sold by all dealers in medicines at reasonable prices.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 24, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Election day, Nov. 5.

—Dr. E. R. Baker has a new ad in today's issue.

—Dr. Burg Chadwick has an interesting ad in another column.

—Ernest Haskins killed a wildcat near Roulette one day last week that weighed 20 pounds.

—Every voter should constitute himself a committee of one to see that the Republican vote one week from next Tuesday is a large one.

—Constable Sprecter of Bradford brought Charles Nellis to the jail Saturday. Nellis is accused of having stolen a chair from in front of the St. James hotel in Bradford.

—Miss Ida Knowlton, a well known young lady, died at her home in Custer City, Monday morning, aged 21 years. Her death was caused by a severe attack of pneumonia.

—Charles A. Herrick, editor and proprietor of the Oswayo Valley Mail, and Miss Nora Johnson of Shinglehouse were united in marriage at the Presbyterian parsonage in Hornell at noon on Thursday, October 10. Rev. E. M. Deems, pastor of the church, pronounced the ceremony.

—"The Toy Makers," the musical absurdity, which has made thousands laugh, will be the attraction at the Lyceum next Saturday evening, Oct. 26. This musical comedy is receiving flattering press notices from all towns visited this season and will undoubtedly be greeted by a crowded house. Read the ad in to-day's issue.

—Hon. David Sterrett, one of the leading citizens of Washington county, died on Sunday of last week at the age of 71 years. He was a resident of this borough for a number of years, where he was associated in the practice of law with Hon. Robert H. Rose, now of Binghamton, N. Y. In 1883-4 he represented this county in the Legislature at Harrisburg. About nine years ago he and his family moved to Washington county where he continued his success in the practice of law and in various ventures in the oil business until his death. He was an honorable and capable man, and the news of his death was received with sincere regret by his many friends in McKean county.

She Was an "Easy Mark."

"Did you intend to give me this?" asked a steward on one of the steamers of a woman passenger who just tipped him. "This" was a bright new penny.

The woman, looking amazed and embarrassed, said: "No, I didn't give you that. I gave you a $2.50 gold piece, didn't I?"

"That's what I thought you meant to give me. I was sure you had made a mistake," said the man. The woman, with an apology, took the penny and gave him a gold piece. Then she went back to her stateroom to count her money and to try to understand.

It came to her all right. She remembered two years before on her homeward trip a fellow passenger had told how the steward had come to her with a new penny given him by mistake, the steward said, and she had made it good.

It was a little late then—she had been an "easy mark," and she knew it—and it wouldn't do a bit of good to object. She did tell the purser, who promised to investigate. She knew, too, what that meant.—New York Sun.

The Old Buffalo Days.

There is on record at the war department, Washington, a document bearing witness to how plentiful buffaloes were within the memory of many men now living. It is the "return" for several rounds of cannon ammunition expended in Kansas in 1867 to divert the course of a great herd of buffalo that was bearing down toward a camp of soldiers with a force that threatened to overwhelm it. At least one officer is alive who saw those shots fired, and he describes the herd as literally reaching as far as the eye could see. It was a long time in passing the camp, whose occupants watched it in silence, awed by the spectacle. General Philip St. George Cooke at once halted a regiment of cavalry on the plains to permit a great herd of antelope to pass, and he was not a man easily halted when on duty. His humanity impelled him to withhold the regiment from mangling and maiming the antelope, which were allowed the right of way.—Boston Transcript.

Rejected Advice.

Blobbs—Why don't you consult a doctor about your insomnia? Slobs—What! And run more bills? Why, it's because of what I owe him now that I can't sleep!

Your skin should be clear and bright if your liver is in normal condition. Dades Little Liver Pills act on the liver, and headache, consumption and billiousness disappear. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Compliments to Death.

There is a German proverb which says, "Man darf nur sterben um gelobt zu werden" (We need only die in order to get praised). This, we cannot help but admit, is fairly true in a general sense, and if we required any proof or confirmation the epitaphs in cemeteries, churchyards and churches would readily furnish it. Indeed if we had no other testimony to go by than these pious inscriptions we might almost fancy that men and women had arrived at such a state of perfection that they were little less than angels. Death, like time, is a great healer of wounds, a great soother of passions, a great calmer of turbulent thoughts, a slayer of enmity. He is the peace-maker par excellence, having caused the saying to gain general currency that we should say nothing of the dead but what is good. Among the laws of the "Twelve Tables," compiled by the Decemviri, there was one which, in fact, forbade to speak injuriously of the dead. It is in exchange for this doubtless that we are always doubly anxious and ready to vilify the living.—Westminster Gazette.

A Spurgeon Ruse.

Spurgeon, the famous English preacher, once passed a stonemason who, after each stroke of his hammer, cursed and swore. Mr. Spurgeon laid his hand on his shoulder and, looking kindly at him, said: "You are an adept at swearing. Can you also pray?"

With another oath he replied, "Not very likely."

Holding up 5 shillings, Mr. Spurgeon said if he would promise never to pray he would give him that.

"That is easily earned," said the man, with a fresh oath, and put it in his pocket. When Spurgeon left the man began to feel a little queer. When he went home his wife asked him what ailed him, and he told her. "It is Judas' money," said the man, and on a sudden impulse he threw it into the fire. The wife found it and took it out and discovered who had given it to him. The man took it back to Spurgeon, who conversed long with him, warning him, and at length was the means of saving him. He became an attached member of his flock.

'Twas in Later Time.

The late Senator Platt of Connecticut enjoyed funny stories and could tell a good many himself. Notwithstanding his long public life, he always remembered a yarn that he carried from his school days.

One year when the district schools opened in his town, one of the teachers in making a record of the ages of her pupils, as required by law, found that one little girl, who came from a family not noted for being especially bright, was unable to say when her birthday came.

So in order to complete her records the teacher walked two miles to see the girl's mother one afternoon after school. Asked if she could remember just when her daughter was born the woman thought for some little time and then, with a sort of puzzled look, said:

"Well, the gal was born in later time, that's sure, but I can't 'member whether they was a-plantin' 'em or a-diggin' on 'em."—Boston Herald.

Recitation.

A man who was a guest at one of the summer resorts in West Virginia tells of a wedding ceremony he witnessed in the town near by.

The minister was young and easily embarrassed. It was the first wedding he had ever undertaken. The prospective bride and groom were both younger and still more easily embarrassed than he.

When the minister had finished the service and muttered a few kindly but hurried words to the young couple he had just united the bride looked at him, puzzled, but confident.

"Thank you," she said clearly. "It's short kind of you to congratulate us, an' as long as you haven't ever been married yit maybe we'll have a chance some day to retaliate."—Harper's Weekly.

Legal Absurdities.

Some absurd clauses have found their way into certain acts of the British parliament. One statute enacted punishment of fourteen years' transportation for a certain offense, "and upon conviction one half thereof should go to the king and the other half to the informer." Then there is an act of parliament for the rebuilding of Chelmsford prison which stipulated in one clause that the prisoners should be confined in the old prison until the new one was built and in another—an amending clause that the new prison should be constructed out of the material of the old one.

He Didn't Put It Off.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Starlate. "It's nearly midnight. I should be going pretty soon, I suppose."

"Yes," replied Miss Patience Gonne, "you know the old saying, 'Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Always Hits.

"I suppose your wife misses you a great deal?" inquired a lady of a commercial traveler.

"Well, no. For a woman she has a remarkably straight aim," was the reply.—London Express.

Bad Temper.

Bad temper has an injurious physical effect on the digestion. Bad temper tends to a disposition of blood to the brain, and this leaves the stomach unable to perform its functions properly.

Persuasive.

"He's a good salesman."

"Persuasive, eh?"

"Persuasive? He could sell the Cuban government a snowplow!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Hero.

"Who is the hero of this piece?" asked the man who was coming out of the theater.

And the manager thoughtfully replied, "The man who is supplying the money."

It Should Not Have Ended Thus.

Riding north on a Northwestern grilling car, a young man allowed himself to become annoyed at the conduct of the conductor. The latter important official seemed to be in a hurry. He was making it a practice to give the "let's go" signal before alighting passengers were fairly on the ground. Once or twice he had frightened women in this manner, and many an angry glance followed him as his car bumped onward.

Near Sixteenth street the annoyed young man arose to leave the car. It stopped and he started to swing off the running board.

"Ding, ding!"

The conductor had jerked the bell cord. The young man, strong and athletic in build, could have dropped off without effort, but he didn't. Instead he reached up and jerked the bell cord a single jerk. The car, in the act of gathering momentum again, stopped suddenly.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the conductor.

"I'm taking the time you should have given to those ladies," answered the athletic young man, with a satisfied grin. Then coolly, carefully, still grinning at the angry conductor, he stepped off—into a puddle of dirty water.

It should not have been so, but the conductor had the last laugh.—Indianapolis News.

Earthquake in the Desert.

Hiram Doring writes of a singular experience in an earthquake while traveling in the desert of Gobi: "I had just dropped off to sleep when I woke up with a feeling of great anxiety, which I could not explain other than that I had a presentiment that some great danger was impending. It was explained soon enough. All of a sudden while I was still wondering whence my sudden fear came I heard a loud noise beneath the ground which sounded as if a subterranean express was approaching. Nearer and nearer it came, and before I could get off the bed on which I had been sleeping the compound and the whole hamlet were shaken by an earthquake. I thought that my last hour had come and expected to see the walls collapse. The rafters of the roof rattled on the beams, and the whole house shook. If the house had been higher it would have collapsed, but the walls, not quite ten feet high, are built of mud, with an elastic framework of wood to carry the roof. It appears that these houses are built to resist earthquakes. Their simplicity and elasticity saving them from destruction."

Speculation.

Once upon a time not many years before, perhaps, a man being seized with a sudden and violent pain has been heard to exclaim:

"Where is the pain?" asks the doctor.

"Right here," groans the man and lays his hand on the affected part.

The doctor opens his case of instruments and takes therefrom several delicate compresses and a number of medicine bottles, with these he proceeds to make precise and elaborate measurements, stopping at frequent intervals to set down a great many figures on a sheet of paper.

"What are you doing?" asks the man in fact, for his pain is all the time increasing.

"Of course I shall make very sure first of all, that the location of the difficulty brings it within my specialty. Do you take me for a quack? You deserve to have been born a thousand years ago!—Punch.

I hate a thing done by halves. If it is right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

Headache

Can be cured only by a remedy that will remove the cause.

The oftener you stop it with headache powders or pills the quicker will it return.

Generally, headache comes from a disturbed stomach or irregular bowels, and almost invariably

Lane's Family Medicine

(a tonic laxative) will cure headache in short order by regulating the bowels and reinvigorating the stomach.

It is a great blood medicine and the favorite laxative of old and young.

At druggists', 25c. and 50c.

Sates

MAIN

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 300 Union Phone 492

BURDICK & SARTWELL PLUMBERS

We have opened a shop in the basement of the Mason block, under Hagberg & Sherburne's store, where we are prepared to do all kinds of plumbing in a neat and satisfactory manner.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Who Could Pass?

To test the spelling capabilities of fifty applicants for junior clerkships in the offices of the Sydney water and sewerage board they were called upon to write from dictation this paragraph: "This celibate was a licentiate in medicine and held other scholastic diplomas. His characteristics were idiosyncrasies personified—one day taciturn, the next garrulous. Today his facile pen evolves a sapient dissertation in piquant satire of some literary genius; tomorrow an encomiastic effusion on an illiterate voluptuary. His studies on concrete science were exotic; his researches in natural philosophy esoteric if not chimerical." No less than forty-three out of the fifty candidates came to grief in this artfully designed spelling obstacle race. At the next meeting of the board a member doubted whether ten out of fifty Oxford M. A.'s, if suddenly called upon to write out the same passage, would succeed in negotiating every one of the big words successfully.—London Chronicle.

A Queer Servian Belief.

To hatch a chicken by holding an egg for the allotted time in the left armpit is believed in Servia to be a certain charm against violent death, more especially if the bird be swallowed whole forty days after it comes to life. A robber who had devastated the district of Kolubara for many years was, writes a Belgrade correspondent, known to have accomplished both these feats, which accounted for the apathy of the peasants in pursuing him, persuaded as they were of his invulnerability. He was finally, however, killed by the mounted police, thus discrediting a time honored Servian superstition.

All at Once.

He came down to breakfast, and nothing was ready, so he rang the bell. "Mrs. Perkins," he said when the boarding house keeper appeared, "what is the meaning of this? Why is breakfast not ready?"

"Well, sir," replied Mrs. Perkins, "I got a bite bit of fish for you, but I'm sorry to say, sir, the cat"—

"Confound the cat! Then let me have the cold chicken."

"I regret to say, sir, the cat"—

"Well, then, some eggs."

"There are no eggs, sir; the cat"—

"Hang it all, then cook the cat, and we'll have it all at once!"—London Mail.

Ground Flat.

A young man from a country village when sightseeing in Edinburgh was greatly astonished on seeing "Mr. Smith, Tailor (ground flat)," inscribed on a door and after a careful study of the plate exclaimed:

"Great Scot, dead! Shurly he's been run over wi' a steam roller!"—London Tit-Bits.

Her Preference.

Thrift Child (who has just been assured of the company of the angels in the dark room)—Yes, but, mummy, couldn't you have the angels' and have the candles? Punch.

Initiative.

Mother—Whatever are you doing to poor dolly's child? Child—I'm just going to put her to bed, mummy. I've taken mother half, but I can't get her teeth out.—Sunday.

L. K. Hogarth

We have New Designs in

Hand Painted

AND

Cut Glass

Our Glass is Hawkis Standard Ware suitable for acceptable wedding gifts. We pack ready for shipping free of charge.

L. K. HOGARTH,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

ndigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nerve sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.

For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

(ALL DEALERS)

A. STURDVEINT

I have purchased the candy and fruit stand formerly owned by "John" Musanti, next to the Brownell grocery and will carry a full line of

Fruits, Nuts, Confectionery, Etc

Your patronage is solicited.

PINEULES

30 DAYS' TREATMENT FOR $1.00

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

FOR ALL KIDNEY BLADDER TROUBLE, RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO

A dose at bed time usually relieves the most severe case before morning.

BACK-ACHE

PINEULE MEDICINE CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Sold at Palace Pharmacy, Smethport by C. A. Anderson, Colegrove, Pa.

R. G. TERRY.

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries.

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of 10 cents per column per insertion, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Each, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $2.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 25, 1907.

Republican Ticket.

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

It is said that over two-thirds of the officers in the army are receiving less pay per day than good mechanics receive in civil life, complains an exchange. The only solution to this condition of affairs seems to be the raising of the mechanic's wages to equal the salary of that other one-third.

Candidate Stevenson is trying to obtain votes of Republicans and Democrats by abusing both old parties. But his efforts have the effect chiefly of arousing the indignation of the old party men, and thereby Mr. Stevenson fails to accomplish the purpose which he has in view. The man who knocketh, shall, in turn be knocked. Thus truly speaketh the Bradford Era.

The voter who casts his ballot for Sheatz, Bannon and Sherman will make no mistake. The attempted fight against Mr. Sheatz election looks more puny as November 5th approaches. No sensible Republican will be won away from his party ticket by the rot used to some extent by opposition newspapers. Mr. Sheatz's integrity and ability are unquestionable and any attempt to belittle the man falls flat as a natural consequence. Hon. A. F. Bannon is conducting an honorable and open campaign. He is in the field to win, but he fights fair, and will, undoubtedly be elected by a large majority. As for Mr. Sherman his election is assured and he is a good man for the place.

Harry Thaw, who has been working on a brief, to be used by his attorneys at his coming trial for the murder of Stanford White, turned the document over to Martin W. Littleton, his chief counsel, Saturday. Thaw has been at work picking flaws in the testimony of the prosecution at first trial and has had frequent conferences with A. Russel Peabody and Daniel O'Reilly, two of his counsel, who have been retained in the preparation of the brief. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw has recovered her health and visits her husband daily at the Tombs. As she was leaving Tuesday she said Thaw was in good health and spirits and was working hard on his case. Both she and her husband, she said, were confident that the second trial, which is to begin in December, will result in acquittal.

In his speech at Kane last Thursday evening Hon. John O'Sheatz said: "My nomination was brought about largely through hard and successful work at the convention by McKean county's representatives R. P. Habgood and James A. McKean, and a McKean county man, E. Jones, Esq., placed my name before the convention. There is therefore, a special responsiblity resting upon your county in my candidacy, which I appreciate. Although I have only been with you twenty-four hours, I feel greatly at home here and only wish I could spend more time among you, my friends. The magnificent receptions accorded me in McKean county cities and towns are a great gratification to me and as I go from here into other counties I will always remember McKean county with the most kindly feelings, I will long remember the rousing receptions given me at Bradford, Smethport, Mt. Jewett and in your own town."

Notice.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, a member of the Bar of the State of Minnesota, admitted to practice in all Courts organized under the authority of the said State, that he will apply to the State Board of Law Examiners for examination at its next regularly appointed sitting, for admission to practice as an attorney before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM H. PRITCHARD,
40 4t Kane, Pa.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no Quinine no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze stage" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, LaGrippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by All Dealers.

Wanted—Young girl in private family to care for child and attend school. Address, Box 98, Smethport.

Fresh Baltimore oysters at the Model Restaurant.

Subscribe for the Miner.

"The Dry Falls of Lodore."

Southey's doggerel [illegible] given to that charming [illegible] day days a [illegible] the unfortunate. It has [illegible] course worshipers from afar, when there has not been a cupful of water to perform as much as the meanest of feats which the poet describes. One such visitor was an American. He had seen Niagara again and again. He read Southey on the spoilers of Lodore and once more visited the vast cataract of his native land. Then, feeling that, after all, Niagara must be very small potatoes compared with the falls of which the poet had sung, he came to England in quest of Lodore, resolved to consecrate his holiday to the contemplation of its beauties and grandeur. He set out the moment he reached Keswick and long walked and toiled over rocks and bowlders. He could not find the falls. He rested and asked a native, "Can you direct me to the falls of Lodore?" "Why, you're a-settin' on 'em," was the heartbreaking answer. The falls of all the adjectives were dry!—St. James' Gazette.

Liked the Text.

Speaking of the letter "h," a writer says: "Curiously enough, the 'h' is not dropped north of Yorkshire, and Scotland, with characteristic thriftiness, takes the utmost care of it. Ireland is prodigal in emphasizing it, and so far as I know the colonies are also sound on this point. Only England refuses to aspirate. Sometimes her consistent inaccuracy in this matter is amusing enough.

"For example, there is a village in the eastern counties which rejoices in the name of Haw. A parishioner was asked what he thought of a strange preacher who had been holding a service in the village.

"'Well,' he said, 'I liked the gentleman. 'Is tex' was just suited to us folk.'

"'Why, what was his text?'

"'It were 'a tex' from the Psalms, "Stand in haws and sin not"—it sounded so 'omely loike.'"

An Appropriate Hymn.

The worshipers in a certain chapel had some trouble to keep their faces straight a short time ago.

During the service some commotion was caused by a gentleman who accidentally ignited a box of wax matches in his pocket and was trying to put them out, while his alarmed neighbors struggled equally hard to help him.

The minister, being shortsighted, could not make out the reason of the disturbance, and, thinking to diplomatically cover the incident, he innocently said:

"Brethren, there is a little noise going on. Until it is over let us sing 'Sometimes a Light Surprises.'"—London Chronicle.

Medicine of the Soul.

Medicine and religion, which are too frequently regarded as mutually antagonistic, should be mutually complementary. There are many diseases in which the condition of the soul is a powerful adjuvant in the treatment of the body.—British Medical Journal.

HUN-E-LAX
THE BEE-HIVE-SHAPED BOWEL BON BON

People who take Hun-E-Lax are laying a foundation for health and strength, sound nerves and a clear head. Get a 10c box (the vest-pocket size) to-day and try it. IT PAYS. Hun-E-Lax is a little bee-hive shaped bowel bon-bon, moves the bowels gently, cures biliousness, sour stomach, Wards off indigestion and dyspepsia. Livens the Liver. An occasional one prevents appendicitis and piles. 10-25-50. Druggists WISDE LAXATIVE COMPANY, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Ordinance No. 68.

RELATING TO THE LICENSE OF EXHIBITIONS AND AMENDING ORDINANCE NO 20, RELATING TO SAME

Be it ordained and it is hereby enacted that Ordinance No. 20, which reads as follows: "Relating to the License of Exhibitions, &c. It is hereby ordained and enacted &c., That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to exhibit any show or other performance for pay within the borough limits without first obtaining from the burgess a license for that purpose, and paying for the same for use of said borough, to-wit: For circuses, menageries, or the two combined, not less than ten dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars, at the discretion of the burgess. For any other show, performance or exhibition, such as wax figures, puppets, paintings, sight of hand feats, wire or rope walking or dancing, theatres, magic lanterns, negro minstrels, concerts, lectures, &c., &c., such sum as the burgess may think proper to charge, not exceeding ten dollars nor less than one dollar for each and every exhibition. Any one and all persons violating this ordinance shall upon conviction thereof before the burgess or any justice of the peace forfeit and pay for each and every offense a fine not less than ten dollars nor more than fifty dollars for the use of the borough, provided that no charge shall be made for licenses granted for lecturers on subjects purely moral, religious, scientific or literary, or for concerts of good moral character, and of this exception the burgess shall be sole judge."

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Approved October 8, 1907.

EDGAR W. STRONG, Burgess.

Attest:
W. C. HOLDEN, Secretary.

Clerk's Notice in Bankruptcy.

In the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, Mary Elizabeth Gahagan of McKean County, Pennsylvania a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, having applied for a full discharge from all debts provable against her estate under said Act, notice is hereby given to all known creditors and other persons in interest, to appear before the said Court at Pittsburgh, in said District, on the 18th day of November, 1907, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

WILLIAM T. LINDSEY, Clerk.

Olean's Big Department Store.

Our Ready-to-Wear Floor

VERY HIGH GRADE GARMENTS WITHOUT THE HIGH GRADE PRICE FEATURE.

We sell the better sorts of Suits, Coats, Skirts, Waists, etc., just as other stores sell the other kind.

We sell High Grade Garments at a Low Grade Price.

How do we do it? Well, that's a secret—but it all lies in our buying methods and superior trade advantages.

We speak authoritatively when we say that our Garments correctly express the latest style ideas. We have studied the style question—we assured ourselves what was to be it, before we made our purchase. You can buy here with a certainty of being correctly and fashionably attired.

Basement Sale of Bedding Comforts, Bathrobes, Blankets, Sheets and Pillow Cases, Pillows' Etc.

These cold days are suggestive of warmer bedding supplies.

Prices about 10 per cent. less than usual.

BELL BROTHERS

The Leading Dry Goods, Carpet and Furniture House in Southwestern N. Y.

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY IN THE

Grange National Bank of McKean County, at SMETHPORT.

Where safety is assured, under the United States Government supervision and examination.

HOW PEOPLE LOSE THEIR MONEY

By concealing it about their person; by stowing it away in mugs, jugs and jars; by sewing it up in skirts and ticks; by tucking it under the couches and carpets, in cupboards and bureau drawers; these are some of the ways by which people lose their money, and sometimes their lives.

HOW PEOPLE SAVE THEIR MONEY

By depositing it in a good, reliable bank.

Confident that this bank fully meets the public needs, we tender its services to all who believe in keeping on the safe side.

Chase and Sanborn's Coffee.

"Specially Blended
Naturally Splendid"

If you have never tried it ask for a Sample Can.

Excellent Values at

20, 22, 25 & 35c per lb.

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport, Pa.

New Spring and Summer Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

There are MANTLES and MANTLES

But when you buy a WELSBACH MANTLE

you are getting the best quality possible all prices from 15c to 35c each.

Try the Welbach and you will use no other

For sale by

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES, RUBIN BLOCK. SMETHPORT

They are all in

A new and complete line of everything for fall for men.

New Swell Suits, The Latest Raincoats, Nifty Neckwear, Up-to-date Overcoats, Sweaters of all kinds.

Everything the best at the lowest prices.

We can fit your pocketbook as well as yourself.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

The Brownell Store

ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS

ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA

Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.

We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.

Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat

Come and see us. We have the best line of

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family recipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Emperor and Puritan 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

—PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.—

Main St **W. H. Hungerford,** SMETHPORT

Photo Fancies

For Smart Young Ladies & Gentlemen

THE HIT OF THE SEASON.

Something more than a Photograph. We know they will interest you.

CALL and Ask About THEM

"IKE" GLEASON. The Photographer Smethport, Pa.

New Millinery.

We are now showing all the latest and most stylish trimmed hats for ladies and children. A new assortment of beautiful waists and tailored skirts for Fall wear. The most up-to-date line of coats and furs for ladies. Novelties of all kinds.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman, Smethport.

The Lindholm Co. Store News.

It Is Time To Put On Heavier Underwear.

We are Smethport Agents
for
THE
PERFECT FITTING
POPULAR
PRICED
Muncing Underwear,
For MEN and WOMEN.

We are prepared to please people of the most exacting taste and fit every figure. We heartily recommend MUNCING to all. You well know of the great advance in all kinds of merchandise in the past year and you will undoubtedly expect to pay more for your underwear this season. (Not the case if you supply your wants here).

Ladies' Fleeced Lined Vests and Pants. Sizes 4, 5, and 6, and extra good garment 25c

Ladies' Fleeced Lined Vests and Pants, out sizes, 7, 8 and 9 ..... 30c

Ladies' Heavy Fleeced Vests and Pants. Vests Double Chest and Back 50c

Ladies' Wool cream and natural $1.00

Ladies' Union Suits at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $3.00 a Suit.

Men's Fleece Lined Shirts and Drawers, a good heavy garment 50c

Men's Wool Shirt and Drawers, garment ..... $1 & 2

Men's Union Suits, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 a Suit.

—Outings and Fleeced Waistings at from 7c to 12c a yd.

Fancy and Plaid Silks in waist pattern lengths. Some of the newest patterns and a large assortment to choose from. Priced from ..... 75cts to $1 50 per yard.

At the Hosiery Counter.

Fleeced Hose for Ladies ..... 15 & 25c
Fleeced Hose for Misses and Children ..... 15 & 25c
A special Black Cotton Hose for Ladies ..... at 10c
Bear Skin Hose for Boys and Girls ..... at 15c a pair

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY.

CUTLERY

Carvers, Butcher Knives, Sticking Knives Skinning Knives, and knives of all kinds. These knives are all guaranteed. If you find a flaw in your knife return it and get a new knife or your money. No questions asked. We have also added to our stock a line of Pocket Knives manufactured by the Smethport Cutlery Co.

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 24, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Teachers' institute next week.

—"The Toymakers" Saturday night.

—One week from next Tuesday is election day.

—Coudersport rejoices over 6,250 feet of cement walk laid the present season.

—Mrs. Mary L. Bisett has a new advertisement to-day to which your attention is directed.

—A telephone message this morning says that Ira Burdick is critically ill at the home of his grandson, E. E. Burdick.

—McCoy's Drug Store has a new and interesting ad in to-day's issue.

—Bell Brothers, Olean, have a seasonable talk in their ad to-day that is worth your careful attention.

—Members of the State constabulary arrested a man at Hazelton recently for using profane language.

—C. L. Girard has moved his family to Smethport, where he has employment in the cutlery plant.—Kane Republican.

—A report from Mt. Jewett says that A. L. Colegrove has disposed of his interests in the Commercial Hotel to E. W. Long, the former proprietor of that hostlery.

—Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Georgia Diantha Crosby, daughter of Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman of Smethport, and Mr. Tom Frederick Williams of Pittsburg, which will occur at the M. E. church, Thursday evening, Nov. 7, at 7:30 o'clock.

—The Travelers' Club will hold a Donation day on Nov. 8, at their new rooms over D. C. Young's store. Members are requested to bring articles for decorating the rooms.

—The Bradford hospital treasury has been enriched $365, the amount of a bequest of the late Philip Nusbaum, which was received by Treasurer Longaker Saturday.—Bradford Star.

—D. D. Cole of Farmers Valley and his brother who has been visiting him for the past week, left Tuesday morning for Pikeville, N. Y., where they will visit their sister for a few days.

—Foster township high school will receive $450 and Hamlin township high school $300 of the $100,000 fund being distributed by State Superintendent Schaffer to township high schools in the state.

—Course tickets for an exceptionally fine list of Institute entertainments are now on sale in the local drug stores. If purchased this week they only cost $1.50. Monday the price will be advanced to $3.00.

—Only 1,796 Bradford voters took the trouble to comply with the registration laws governing cities in Bradford's class, and as a result the total registration shows a falling off of 500 voters from last year's figures.

—According to an Olean dispatch, R. A. Levalley of Port Allegany, while working under a car in the railroad yards at Olean, was crushed to death. A switch engine moved off with the car causing the accident.

—On Sunday morning at the parsonage of the M. E. church, Olean, Rev. Hugh C. Boyd united in marriage Miss Margaret P. Weaver and Clyde J. McKeen and Miss Catherine M. Wilkins and Charles F. Weaver, all of Knapps Creek.

—The average person is trying to figure out whether last Sunday's snow storm was the beginning of next winter or the ending of last. During the past year snow has fallen in this part of the country every month except two—July and August.

—School teachers who are experts in the manufacture of cream pies should bear in mind the MIRROR's contest and enter for the pink prize. The cub recently scrubbed out the reception room, and has certainly done all in his power to prepare a fitting welcome for the teachers. By the way that consolation prize looks pretty good to some of the contestants.

—"The Headlight," a notorious resort which was built in the early days of the oil excitement in Bradford, was destroyed by fire Sunday afternoon. In Bradford's palmy days this place was conducted by the late Minnie Stoddard and had a lurid reputation in this part of the country. In later years the house came into the possession of a colored person, known as Lizzie Williams.

—Mr. and Mrs. Oscar H. Cain are now located in Olean where Mr. Cain has been made Shawmut station agent, succeeding John J. Grant, who has been in charge of the depot in that city for the past two years. The position at Smethport is filled by Fred Biever, son of J. H. Biever of this place. This young man was transferred from the Clermont station.

—Miss Cora Lorent Brown of Vernon township, Crawford county, killed herself Monday afternoon by taking a dose of carbolic acid. Her parents objected to the young man of her choice and in deference to their wishes she broke off the affair. Last week the young man married another girl and Miss Brown had been melancholy ever since she heard of the marriage.

—Samuel B. Rambo, superintendent of public grounds and buildings, Tuesday ordered an inventory made of every piece of furniture, every rug and every other article in the new Capitol, State Museum and Executive Mansion, naming Stuart Dennison of Bradford to take charge of the work. The young man named is the son of D. A. Dennison editor of the Bradford Era.

—Albertus C. Wirt, an artist who resides in this city, says the Bradford Herald, has fallen heir to $10,000. Mr. Wert visited his boyhood home at the psychological moment. He had been advertised for in different newspapers but could not be found. When he got home he learned of this and learned also that his portion of the estate had been sold. He immediately put in his claim for his portion and the $10,000 was handed over to him. It is now safely stored away in a Bradford bank.

—At a dance recently held in this place a kitten wandered into the hall and was made much of by the spectators. While gliding about in a joyous two-step a large and robust male dancer unintentionally brought his foot down upon the feline, which caused great consternation among the girls and was extremely disastrous to the kitten, as it then and there curled up and died. Joe Mundy in commenting upon the deplorable affair said it was a grewsome cat-astrophe and that the orchestra very appropriately played sad mew-sick for the rest of the evening.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

Personal Mention.

Harry Haley visited Bradford Tuesday.

John Digel passed Sunday with Mt. Jewett friends.

Miss Tavia Bamer was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

Attorney E. B. Mayo attended court at Kingsdale last week.

Cassie Rose of Binghamton is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Miss Edna McClure of Olean is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Alice McClure.

Mrs. Henry Cook of Farmers Valley was visiting friends in town yesterday.

Mrs. Kate Taylor of Albany, N. Y., is a guest of relatives and friends in town.

Leon Scowden of Bingham was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Wm. Hafner left yesterday for Bradford to visit her daughter, Mrs. H. F. Grabe.

Harrison Osburn of New York City was in town during the week on a business mission.

Mrs. Fred Capehart of Coudersport was a guest of relatives and friends in town this week.

J. Clayton Backus is on a business mission including several Canadian points this week.

Mrs. D. C. Young and daughter, Miss Lois, are guests of friends in Boston, Mass., and vicinity.

Roy Stark came over from Bradford Saturday and passed Sunday with his parents in this place

Mrs. M. M. Gillette and son, accompanied by Miss Emma Sawyer, departed for Newark, Ohio, Monday.

Mrs. J. C. Backus, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. John Blake of Eldred, are visiting Bradford relatives and friends this week.

District Attorney Guy B. Mayo will leave for Philadelphia Saturday morning to attend the session of the Superior Court in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Servatius and son are in town. "Bake" recently closed a successful baseball season with the Youngstown, Ohio, team.

Mrs. W. L. Hammer and infant daughter, departed for their home in Lynchburg, Va., Monday, accompanied by Miss Imogene McGowan.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup, Mr. and Mrs S. L. Fry and Miss Carrie Dickenson visited Buffalo Saturday making the trip in Mr. Gallup's touring car.

Attorney John E. Mullin of Kane was in town this week, and received the warm congratulations of many friends over his recent recovery from typhoid fever.

C. L. Papworth, Superintendent of Erie canal repairs for the Lockport, N. Y., section was in town on a brief visit Monday. Mr. Papworth has many friends in Smethport, who were pleased to see him and glad to find he was healthy and prosperous. He was engaged in the clothing business in Smethport about twelve years ago.

Annual Fall Excursion to Pittsburg.

The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg Ry. will run their annual chrysanthemum and art excursion to Pittsburg Sunday, Nov. 3rd. Special train leaves Mt. Jewett, 5:45 a. m. Round trip fare $2.50. 43-2t

A Dollar Bill Buys $2.70 Worth of SANITOL

Take advantage of the Great Introductory Offer of the

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company

Let us tell you how you can buy ten of these wonderful toilet preparations for $1.00, regular retail price, $2.70.

McCoy's Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES.

WARM UNDERWEAR.

Time to put on heavier underclothing now. Constantly changing temperature makes warm underwear a necessity for the preservation of good health.

This store is equipped to meet your requirements in heavy, light and medium weights in Separate garments and Union suits. The Union Suit is increasing in popularity right along. If you have not worn this style of underwear we would suggest that you give them a trial—you'll be surprised with the result in additional comfort—Here is a suggestion of what we have—We cannot in this space give you a complete list of our stocks—Come and look them over.

Men's Union Suits,	Blue,	Cotton Fleeced — per suit	$1.50
" " "	Gray,	Cotton and Wool " "	2.00
" " "		Fine All Wool	3.75
" Shirts and Drawers,		Cotton Fleeced, per garment	50c
" " "		Gray, three-quarters wool	1.00
" " "		Camels Hair all wool	1.50
" " "		Gray, medium weight wool	1.50
Women's Union Suits, Gray or White, per suit			50c to 2.75
" Vests and Pants, Gray, Cream or White per garment			25c to 1.25
Misses' Union Suits, Gray			85c to 1.00
Boys'			1.00
Boys & Girls Vests and Pants and Drawers, Gray and Cream			13c to 1.00

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and ack-now-edged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Stick to the Handle.

You get more facts about easy running **right at the crank of a separator** than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, **the crank tells you so** as soon as you touch it. I am selling the lightest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. **The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest.** The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—**it increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent.** and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. **Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.**

J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

Out-of-Town Buyers

seldom, if ever, take the trouble to find out what the home merchant offers. They simply THINK they can buy better and cheaper elsewhere. But can they? Why not find out, first, what WE offer? Try it—'tis no harm done—if we can't suit you 'tis time to go elsewhere. The newest and best in SUITS and OVERCOATS at from $7.50 to $20.00, and

BOYS' SUITS

plain or Knicker-bocker pants at from $3.00 to $6.50 are here awaiting your call.

WM. MONHEIMER.

INSPECTION SOLICITED

Vantine's Oriental Perfumes and Toilet Articles, and All the most exclusive novelties in Fall goods will be found at

MRS. MARY L. BISETT'S
CITY STORE.

Brasted's Confectionery

is popular because it is THE BEST

Always Fresh and Delicious. All varieties for all occasions.

Camilla's Bargain.

By JEANETTE WILSON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Jessie Morgan.

"Poring over those advertisements still, daughter? Aren't you afraid of letting your economy run into extravagance?"

"Why, daddy, I never bought anything"—

"Oh, Camilla!" repressed Mr. Sheldon, casting an amused glance about the dining room.

"Anything that wasn't a bargain," continued Camilla, unabashed. "And the very thing we needed—those decanters and the old fashioned plates and the brass candlesticks and the electrolier and"—

"Yes, yes," admitted her father hastily. "We certainly couldn't get along without them." The twinkle in his eyes escaped Camilla. "But what have you found so remarkable this morning?"

"A samovar, daddy. And so cheap! Here 'tis! Listen! 'Bargains—Cheap for cash.' On account of moving entire contents of bachelor's studio—oriental rugs, leather easy chairs, Japanese screen, antique copper samovar, etc. Inquire of janitor.' There, now, what do you think of that?"

"Just what is a samovar, dear?"

"Why, daddy, you know! It's a sort of tea urn. They use them in Russia. I think I'll look it up this afternoon. You won't mind, will you?"

"Oh, no—no, indeed!" conceded Mr. Sheldon. Somehow he never could oppose Camilla. "Anything I can do for you this morning, dear?" he asked, as usual, on rising from the breakfast table.

Camilla smiled in her most captivating manner.

"Well, if I might have just a little money," she urged.

"Oh, yes, of course. Well, here's $15. That ought to buy an old copper tea urn, oughtn't it?"

Camilla gave him a hug of gratitude.

"Don't forget that Robert Demarest is coming home to dinner with me tonight, dear."

"That old bachelor?" spluttered Camilla.

"The very one," answered her father.

Late that afternoon, arrayed in summery whiteness, Camilla started on the quest of the samovar. She had meant to take Sarah with her, as she had promised her father she always would on such expeditions. But Sarah, in the midst of dinner preparations, refused to budge.

In response to Camilla's energetic ring at the address specified, a woman's voice called from the basement: "R-run up to th' f'ront door, Pat. There's a lady waitin'."

"I came in answer to this," announced Camilla, holding out a tiny newspaper clipping. "Is the gentleman at home?"

"Not till this evenin', miss," replied the genial blue overalled Pat. "Will ye call ag'in later?"

"Oh, no," gasped Camilla. "I don't want to see him at all. I just wanted to be sure he was out. Will you show me the things?"

"Shure-re, miss. Come r-right along. Up wan flight, miss."

Once inside the long, spacious studio Camilla gave a little cry of delight.

"Oh, isn't this lovely?" she exclaimed. "May I look around a little?"

"Take y'r time, miss. He'd say th' same himself, miss."

Such a wealth of soft, rich rugs; such rows and rows of exquisitely bound books, such beautiful pictures, and finally, keeping guard over the fire place, such a queer fat little ivory god! Camilla laughed aloud at his funny wrinkled face.

"Who tied this green ribbon round his neck?" she asked, turning suddenly to Pat.

"Th' wife," he replied glibly.

"Th' wife!" echoed Camilla. "Why, I thought the owner was a bachelor?"

Pat slapped his knee and then put a restraining hand over his mouth.

"Excuse me, miss, 'twas me own wife I was m'anin'."

"Oh," said Camilla, "I see."

"Yes, th' ould woman's very fond of 'im. Takes care iv 'im like a baby."

Camilla, doubting as to whether it was the grave image or the bachelor that claimed "the wife's" solicitude, hastened to change the subject.

"I must be hurrying," she announced. "Where is the samovar that was advertised? That's what I came specially to see."

"The copper taypot? I'll fetch it ter ye."

Pat brought it forth from a corner and placed it in all its shining glory on the large center table for Camilla's inspection.

"Oh, what a beauty!" she exclaimed. "How much does he want for it?"

"Will, he mintioned quite a high price for it this marnin', but I r-reckon he'd let you have it at yer own figger."

"Would he sell it for $15, do you think?"

"Shure, an' he a lucky man at that. Where will ye have it sint?"

While Camilla was hunting in her purse for a card a click in the lock of the outside door made her jump. The bachelor! What should she do?

"Shur-re, sir-r," said Pat, "y're home airly tonight. Here's a lady customer. I've been sellin' her th' simover," and with that the sly one slid out of the door, closing it firmly behind him.

"Pat showed you how the samovar works, I suppose?" asked the bachelor courteously. He wasn't at all sure that he knew himself, but he must find some excuse for detaining this radiant apparition a moment.

"Yes, no! I mean, I mustn't stay any longer," stammered Camilla.

"Pat's a dolt!" sputtered the bachelor. "I told him if he sold the samovar to be sure to tell the purchaser how to use it. I'll"—

"Oh, don't scold him, please," interrupted Camilla. "He's really very nice. He was awfully kind about the samovar. He said you wanted quite a high price for it, but he let me have it for $15. I hope it's all right."

The bachelor swallowed hard.

"Of course it's all right," he answered cheerfully. "I'm glad to hear that some one has got the best of Pat once. He needs all the beating down that's coming to him."

Then while the bachelor deftly filled the little pipe of the samovar with charcoal to himself he kept repeating: "I'll make her stay as long as I can. Isn't she bewitching? I'll make her stay as long as I can. I'll make her"—

Camilla broke in upon this silent chant of adoration.

"I shouldn't think you could bear to part with it," she said, giving the samovar an appreciative little pat.

"Well, I don't exactly like to," he admitted. "It's a sort of companion when you're all alone. But I'm tired of living alone—going to give it up."

"But your wife will certainly love to have it," ventured Camilla, pretending to be absorbed in the charcoal demonstration.

"My wife?" the bachelor fairly shouted. "Pardon me, I'm not so lucky; I'm just going back to my old home for a change."

"And leave this beautiful studio and sell all those wonderful things?" commented Camilla. "I think you're crazy. I'd just adore to live in a place like this!"

The bachelor watched her flushed cheeks and her sparkling eyes. He had an inspiration.

"Oh, by the way," he suggested, with well assumed carelessness, "I suppose you told Pat where to send the samovar."

Camilla laughed a bit shyly.

"Well no, I didn't. You see, I was just hunting for a card when I heard you unlocking the door. That scared me so that I forgot all about the card. Here it is."

The bachelor glanced at it politely, then looked at it again more closely. Could he believe his eyes?

"Camilla Sheldon!" he exclaimed. "Why, I know your father! Let's shake hands. I'm Robert Demarest."

"Oh, you can't die!" gasped Camilla. "Why, he's a stupid old bachelor. Daddy's going to bring him home to dinner with him tonight."

"I'm the man," affirmed Robert, laughing. "You've sized me up all right."

Camilla covered her burning cheeks with her little white gloved hands.

"Oh, how can I look you in the face again?" she cried.

"That's the question for me to ask," Robert retorted.

Camilla lowered her hands, but her eyes were still downcast.

"You won't tell father, will you, Mr. Demarest?"

"All right," assented Rob. "Mum's the word if you say so, Miss Camilla."

When the door had closed after her Robert stood looking down thoughtfully at the samovar. "No going back home for you, old man," he soliloquized. "She'd adore to live in a place like this? Think of it!"

He rang the bell for Pat.

"See here, Pat," he directed, "I want you to wrap up this teapot and take it around to this address. Be quick about it."

He handed Pat Camilla's card, and at the same time slipped a coin into his hand. The astonished Pat allowed no grass to grow under his feet.

* * * * * * *

At the first opportunity after dinner Camilla cornered Robert Demarest.

"It was most thoughtful of you to send the samovar over tonight," she began hurriedly. "But I forgot to tell you this afternoon that I hadn't paid Pat for it, and now that I've thought it over, Mr. Demarest, I don't see how I can take it from you at any price."

"Then let me give it to you," begged Rob.

"Sh! There comes daddy. No, I'm going to confess everything to him after you're gone. And then you two can settle the matter between you."

It was several months after the discovery of the samovar "ad." that Camilla, seated on a low divan in front of an open fire in her father's big rambling library, looked up at Rob suddenly and asked:

"Which got the best of the bargain, Rob, you or dad? Aren't you ever going to tell me? I've asked you and asked you."

"I'm going to tell you right now," Rob declared. His tone was so serious that Camilla was almost frightened.

"Your father said I might give the samovar to you on one condition," he announced.

"Well, of all things," protested Camilla, "without even asking me if"—

"Wait a minute," interrupted Rob. "That was just the condition—if when I asked you you would have me. Camilla, will you marry me? You know you once said that you would adore to live"—

Camilla buried her face in a sofa cushion.

"You did say so, Camilla," he repeated. "Won't you say so again, dear?"

"I suppose that means," said Camilla, lifting her mischievous face, "no Robert, no samovar."

Robert didn't even smile, but looked into Camilla's eyes searchingly.

"Well," she sighed, "I guess you've got the best of the bargain, Rob. Pat will be pleased."

Whereupon Rob stopped her saucy mouth with kisses.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

The Scrap Book

How the Old Man Spelled It.

"Look here, Charley," said one young collegian to another who had been asked to run his eye over a letter which his friend had written to his father in which there was the inevitable request for money, "you've spelled jug j-u-g!"

"I know," said Charley, "but, you see, I used the cash and don't want the old man to think I'm putting on airs. That's how he spells it."

A TRAGEDY.

That's him thar on his coffin in the cart,
An' that's his wife a-creepin'
In the crowd, 'way off, an' weepin'.
Oh, the law is jest a-breakin' of her heart!

That's him thar on the scuffol'. See! He speaks.
Thar's a woman thar a-holdin'
Of the hands they'll soon be foldin',
An' the tears is jest a-rainin' down her cheeks.

That's him thar in the coffin, lyin' low,
An' the woman first to love him
An' the last to bend above him
Is his mother—but I reckon you would know.

—Frank L. Stanton.

Emancipated the Mule.

When the mule cars in Jacksonville, Fla., were replaced with modern electrics, an old time darky watched the first car go by with a great deal of interest.

"Um-m-pah, dem Yankees sho is cuyus folks," he mused. "Fus' dey cum down yar, en 'mancipate de nigger, den dey cum down en 'mancipate de mule."

He Couldn't Oblige Her.

An American actor, who is old enough not to consider himself a matinee idol by any means, was somewhat pleased in a western hotel when a pretty girl stopped him in the corridor and presented him with a rose without saying a word. He received a note the following day reminding him of the incident and asking him to send the giver of the flower two cents at the theater in which he was playing "as a memento of the occasion."

"My dear young lady," he wrote in reply, "I should be glad to send you the seats you ask for; but, on consultation with the manager of the theater, I have been informed that the seats are all fastened down and that he is opposed to having them sent away as souvenirs."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Helped the Mayor Out.

An imposing cemetery was about to be opened in a western town. The mayor, who had charge of the laying out of the grounds, was puzzled for an appropriate inscription to put over the gate. Riding along in his automobile one day, he was cogitating over different holy texts, so he exploited his difficulty to his chauffeur. "What would you suggest?" he asked.

"We have come to stay," was the prompt reply.

Where She Should Live.

"What under the sun," asked a father of his daughter who wanted her to make a match with a young man whose only qualification was the possession of a goodly fortune—"what earthly objection can you possibly find to Mr. Springlegs?"

"He has hair," replied the daughter, "which I detest. When I marry I want a man who does not smoke, chew, drink, swear, belong to clubs, play cards, stay out late or go moaning by himself."

The father looked at his daughter for a moment or two in silence and then said:

"My child, you are but a stranger here; heaven is your home."

One of Whittier's Admirers.

An admirer of Whittier's works was granted an interview and talked incessantly for over an hour. In speaking of the patiently endured infliction to a friend the poet paused for a moment and then added, with the suggestion of a smile, "And all the time he called me Whittaker."

Jefferson Didn't Know.

The home of Joseph Jefferson at Buzzards Bay was not far from the Wareham road. Some years ago when certain ladies affected the bloomer costume when riding bicycles Jefferson came upon a lady in such a garb who had evidently mistaken her road. As Mr. Jefferson approached she asked:

"Will you kindly tell me if this is the way to Wareham?"

"Well," said Mr. Jefferson, "I'm sure I don't know; it's the first time I've ever seen any."

No Time For Conundrums.

During the war a teamster with the Cumberland army got stuck in the mud and let fly a stream of profane epithets. A chaplain passing at the time was greatly shocked.

"My friend," said he, "do you know who died for sinners?"

"Damn your conundrums! Don't you see I'm stuck in the mud?"

The Educated Flea.

It was at a banquet. A rule had been agreed upon to the effect that every person called upon for a toast must respond with speech, song or story. As a last number on the improvised programme, a retiring sort of chap was called upon to do his part.

"I—I can't make a sp-speech," he stammered, "b-but I heard that fleas could be trained to do tricks, and some time ago I tried to train one. Would you care to see him?"

A place was cleared off in the center of the snowy tablecloth, and in the middle the owner set the small pillbox he had taken from his vest pocket.

It is a well known fact that persons in the pine forests do not suffer from kidney diseases. One dose of Pineules at night nanally relieves backache. 30 days' treatment $1.00. Your money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Removing the lid of the box the trainer called out:

"Jump out, Henry!" Henry jumped out.

"Play dead, Henry!" Henry played dead to perfection.

"Lie down and roll over, Henry!" Henry did so.

"Jump backward, Henry!" Henry obeyed.

"Jump forward, Henry!" Henry jumped forward with such enthusiasm that he landed upon one of the ladies.

Quite a search was necessary before Henry could be recovered from the lady's clothing, but finally the black mite was retaken and set in his accustomed place.

"Jump through there, Henry!" Henry didn't move.

"Henry, I say, jump through there!" Still nothing doing.

"Henry, jump through there, I tell you!" Still the most abandoned disobedience.

The flea trainer bent low above his pet and looked at him a moment intently. Then straightening up, with a look of relief on his face he said to the woman from whom the flea had been taken:

"I beg your pardon, madam, but that's not my Henry."—Lippincott's.

Jenny's Problem.

A little girl stood at her mother's knee and from the expression of her face was evidently evolving some knotty problem.

"What is it, Jenny?" asked the mother.

"Mamma," said the child seriously, "if I grow up and marry, shall I have a husband like papa?"

"Yes, dear, I hope so."

There was a long pause. Then the youngster asked:

"And if I don't marry, shall I grow up to be like Aunt Susan?"

"I hope so."

Then the little girl put her hands to her head and said in a tone of despair, "Well, I am in a fix!"

Wanted to Be Obliging.

A lady visitor, wishing to be polite to the little son of her host at table, said:

"What a pretty dimple you have, Benny!"

"You think that's a pretty dimple?" said the boy. "Mamma, can I show the lady the one on my stomach?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

Detailed For Baptism.

At the beginning of the civil war Colonel Brown and Colonel Smith were raising regiments in Wisconsin. One day Colonel Smith's chaplain paid a visit to Colonel Brown. On leaving he stated that the cause of religion was prospering in Colonel Smith's regiment; that no longer ago than the last Sabbath day he baptized ten of Colonel Smith's men.

"Sergeant major," exclaimed Colonel Brown, "make a detail of fifteen men to go and be baptized. I'll be blamed if I allow Colonel Smith's regiment to get ahead of mine in point of religion."

Wanted a Permanent Grievance.

An Irish landlord returning home after an absence of several weeks saw one of his tenants sitting on a stone wall whistling away to his heart's content. The moment that he greeted him, however, the man scowled and began abusing him.

"Why, what's the matter, Pat?"

"Matter enough when your steward is further evicting me, and luck to him!"

"Evicted you! What for?"

"The cold that prethicted me cabin wanted repairing, and as Oi wouldn't let him in, shure, he put me out."

"Never mind, Pat, I hear the cottage you have always wanted is vacant, and I'll let you have that at the same rent."

"No, thanking your honor, I couldn't think of it."

"But why not? What is to hinder you?"

"No, your honor; Oi'd rather have me grievance."

How She Got In.

A lady accosted a little girl who was entering one of the fashionable New York flats where she knew the rules were exceedingly strict and, after some little conversation, said:

"How does it come that you live in these flats? I thought they would not take in children. How did you get in?"

"Why," replied the child, "I was borned in."

Not Needed In His Business.

An Irish clergyman wandering over the fields one quiet Sunday afternoon saw a young fellow well known to him by reputation, accompanied by a fierce looking bull terrier. He was evidently engaged in the reprehensible sport of "ratting." The clergyman, observing the ragged appearance of the man, thought to accomplish good in a roundabout way.

"George Cullen," said he, "I am afraid times are hard with you. Now, if you would mend your ways you could mend your clothes. That dog is probably worth something. Sell him, and you could buy a good pig, which, fattened, would be far more valuable."

"An' wouldn't I look fine goin' rattin wi' a pig."

"A Devil of a Show."

A Massachusetts town recently installed a trolley system. Pedestrians among the visiting rural population still come to a standstill when the cars go by.

One countryman was watching the other day as a trolley car, with a crowd on board, whirled up the hill and dashed by. He asked a bystander where it came from.

"Down by the depot," was the reply.

"Goshermity, they must hev give her a devil of a shuv!" he exclaimed.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

A GAME IN EARNEST.

Courageous Acting Which Averted a Panic at Sea.

Captain John Thacker of the Earl of Eldon was homeward bound from Bombay with a load of cotton. A large number of passengers were on board.

About three days out the captain had good reason to believe that the cotton was smoldering. Any knowledge of such a catastrophe would cause a general panic. It was impossible to put back in the teeth of a northeast monsoon, so the commander quietly prepared for the inevitable.

The passengers, bored from lack of occupation, were amused and interested when Captain Thacker proposed to play at having a fire on board. He said that they would go through all manœuvers just as if a conflagration were taking place.

The passengers fell in with the suggestion eagerly. The boats were got ready; provisions were put in with water, sails and compasses. The seats in the various boats were allotted, and the passengers made up bundles of the valuables they considered the most precious. Thus, quietly, but quickly, the "joke" was carried out to the full.

When all was ready the captain calmly told the players that the game was in earnest and that the ship was really on fire, with the flames making toward the powder magazine. The boats were speedily got off, and in less than an hour the explosion occurred.

The boats were 1,000 miles from land; but the weather remained fair, and in fourteen days every soul was landed in safety.—"The Still Life of the Middle Temple."

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC.

It Points an Easy Road to the Get-Rich-Quick Station.

Perhaps she read the statement made by the department of agriculture that the value of the eggs laid by the hens of the United States in a year would be enough to pay off the national debt or maybe she, "just thought it up," but anyway this pretty little Baltimore girl was convinced that she had everything all fixed. She has been engaged to a very nice young fellow for some time, but to most people the amount of his present salary would appear an insurmountable obstacle to matrimony. This was the view of her father, but when expressed she met it with a happy smile.

"Oh, I have thought that all out," she declared.

"You have, eh?" papa asked, knowing something of his daughter's business abilities.

"Yes, and it was so easy," she bubbled. "I was passing the market the other day, and I saw a dear little polka dotted hen for only 50 cents, and I bought her. I read in a poultry paper that a hen will raise twenty chicks in a season. Well, next year we'll have twenty-one hens, and so, of course, there'll be 420 chicks the next year, and 8,400 the next, and 168,000 the next, and 3,360,000 the next. And just see what that amounts to! Why, selling them at 50 cents each would give us $1,500,000 in five years, and that won't be so long to wait for that much."—Harper's Weekly.

The Old Man's Sorrow.

"You have a daughter, have you not, sir?" said a minister to an old gentleman with whom he had formed a casual acquaintance as a fellow passenger.

The old gentleman assayed to answer, but the question had stirred afforded him.

"I beg your pardon," said the minister, "if I have thoughtlessly awakened in your mind recollections of a painful nature. The world is full of sorrow, sir, and perhaps my question recalls to your memory a fair, beautiful girl whose blossoming young life had withered in its bloom. Am I right, sir?"

"No, not exactly," replied the old gentleman sadly. "I have five unmarried darters, minister, and the youngest of the lot is twenty-eight years old."

Merely Preparatory.

"I don't mind telling you," said the pretty girl confidentially, "that I want to take a thorough course in cooking in order to fit myself to be a good wife."

"You are doing the right thing, my dear," said the matron in charge of the cooking school. "May I ask how soon you expect to be married?"

"How should I know?" rejoined the pretty girl, daintily rolling up her sleeves. "I haven't found the man yet."—Chicago Tribune.

Too Bright.

"Didn't you win anything in your suit for damages?"

"No."

"Why didn't you engage a bright lawyer to take your part?"

"I did, but he took my all."—Philadelphia Press.

An Honest Reply.

"Could you assist me, sir?" said the beggar to a soldierly looking citizen. "I'm an ex-army man."

"Discharged?" inquired the citizen.

"Oh, no, sir," replied the beggar vigorously. "I quit."—Lippincott's.

With Father.

Nurse—Come indoors at once, Master Richard, and be a good boy. You won't go to heaven if you're so naughty. Master Richard—I don't want to go to heaven. I want to go with father!—London Sketch.

Appropriate.

Seedy Gentleman (to butcher)—You say you have cuts to suit all purses. What sort of a cut have you for an empty purse? Butcher (running him out)—The cold shoulder, to be sure.

It comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle, easy to apply to the soreness and inflammation, for any form of Piles; it soothes and relieves pain, itching, burning. Man Zad Pile Remedy. Price 50 cents. Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

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State Senator—H. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; R. F. Hagood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy S. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—— E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chesbro, Smethport.
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Coun'or Clerk—A. E. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
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Coroner—S. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayes, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

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High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
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Judge of Election—H. R. Henderson.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, F. M. McGuire.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 7:30 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 2nd degree on fourth meetings.
C. H. BENNETT, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
L. K. HOGARTH, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 147, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month, at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BENJAMASH, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 783, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
J. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 70, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. K. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 31, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church.
Mrs. E. A. HASKELL, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BENJAMASH, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Mrs. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
Mrs. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree, and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—T. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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Ruby, R.F.D.

By W. F. BRYAN.

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Across the fields the heat waves shimmered "like an invisible jelly," as Dabney Forbush put it to his sister.

"I wouldn't go to town with the handsomest man in the postal service," he declared laughingly as Ruby firmly stamped a tiny foot on the floor, "I don't think you're fair to the poor chap," he went on, more seriously. "Suppose he becomes so hopelessly in love that at the end of the season, when you go back to town, he finds the Parkvale girls dull and uninteresting. Perhaps he will commit suicide."

"I wish you would keep quiet," said Ruby hotly. "I have to go to town to get some silks for that sofa pillow I am making for you. If Mr. Perkins is so kind as to take me in, you should be grateful to him."

"If it's for that, class pillow, you're making for me, I'll go in after it my-

"I WANT TO SAY GOODBY TO YOU HERE UNDER THE TREES."

self," offered Dabney. "It will save Perkins the trouble of hitching up and driving back here again. That's no part of his postal labors."

Ruby stamped her foot again.

"I think you are perfectly horrid," she declared. "Just as though you could pick out the right colors!"

"A man ought to know his own class colors," Dabney defended. "You say I never do anything for you, and then when I offer to take a hot trip to town and walk all the way back you call me horrid. Here comes Peter Perkins now. I guess I'll slide into the house. Great emotions always upset me."

He dodged into one of the low windows before Ruby could reach him with the cushion she had caught up from one of the chairs, and his mocking laugh rang out as the girl gave a little shake to her ruffled plumage and started down the shady walk to the gate.

The rumbacking wagon used in the rural free delivery service was just drawing up to the block, and she climbed lightly to a place beside the stalwart young fellow, whose glad smile showed all too plainly the pleasure he felt.

"It was awfully good of you to come back this way for me," she said after her hand had lingered an instant in his muscular grip. "Dab does make such a martyr of himself when he does anything for me, and Mr. Slocum will not let us have the horses in the harvesting season."

"I was only too glad to come back," said Perkins simply. "You can't blame Slocum about the horses. He needs them all just now. If you come to a real farmhouse to spend the summer, you cannot expect a livery outfit like those places where the biggest crop they raise is summer boarders."

"It has been such a real summer," she said smilingly. "I hate the round of fashionable hotels. This has been ideal."

"Parkvale is a pretty nice place," he said reflectively. "I don't know when I ever spent a more pleasant summer myself."

"You have done a very great deal toward making things pleasant for me," said Ruby. "I don't know when I ever saw Dabney so disobliging. If it had not been for you, I don't know what I should have done."

"We are supposed to be polite," he reminded. "It's in the regulations."

Ruby wondered if the regulations required him to hitch up a fresh rig and drive her back to the farm after her purchases were made, as he had done a score of times.

From the first she had been attracted to the handsome young driver of the rural delivery. He was so unlike the men she knew in town. She shuddered at the name of Peter Perkins. It did not match his manner or his appearance, but she had almost forgotten his name except when her brother tossed her about it. At first Ruby had simply utilized her inherent flirtatious instinct, but later she became to realize that she loved the mail driver, and at times the knowledge frightened her.

Peter broke the silence.

"You'll be going back home pretty soon now, won't you?" he asked.

Ruby nodded.

"We expect to leave Saturday. Dabney must visit an uncle from whom he has expectations, and mother wants me to come to her for a few weeks. She is in the mountains."

"I'm glad that you're going," he said abruptly.

"Glad!" Ruby turned in her seat to face him. "I don't think that you are very polite!" she cried.

"I couldn't bear to think of your being here after I am gone," he explained simply.

"You are going?" she asked. "I thought you lived here."

"I was here only for the summer," he explained. "I must go back home too."

"I suppose you will carry pleasant recollections of this delightful country," she said. "I know that I shall always remember this summer most pleasantly."

"I want to take away something else," he said slowly. Ruby turned her face away and let her gaze wander over the fragrant flowering buckwheat. "I want to take with me your promise that some day I may come for you," he went on—"that some day I may come and claim you for my bride. May I, dear?"

Gently Ruby drew from his grasp the hand he had seized. Her heart cried "Yes," but there came into her mental vision the prospect of her ambitious mother. Mrs. Forbush would never consent to their union, and Mrs. Forbush could make life very unpleasant when she elected.

"I am sorry," she said softly, "but I cannot answer you as you want me to. I shall always remember most gratefully this happy summer. Please do not ask more of me."

"You do not love me?" he demanded bluntly.

"I do like you," she said; "I—I cannot say more."

Peter flicked his horse with his whip, and the patient animal jogged on. He spoke no more of his love, and Ruby was grateful to him.

She went about her shopping while Peter drove over to the postoffice to report. When he returned to meet her it was with a livery rig.

"I cannot use the delivery horses now," he explained. "I am no longer working for the contractor. Shall we go home by the river road?"

Her eyes made answer. The river road was the longest and prettiest, and she would not deny herself this last trip with the man she loved. Tomorrow he must pass out of her life. Tonight she wished only that she might drive on and on far into the soft summer night.

But Peter kept the horse at a trot, and presently they were at the farm. He was a favorite with Mrs. Slocum, and she insisted that he come in and take supper with them. He lingered in the gloom of the trees until the moon was high, but at last he had to go.

"I want to say goodby to you here, under the trees," he said as he rose to his feet. "After I have harnessed up the whole family will come out. I am sorry you could not say 'Yes,' dear, but I do not blame you, and I shall always love you and cherish the memory of this summer."

He bent over her and lightly brushed her forehead with his lips. Then he strode off toward the barn, but presently she heard the grating of the buggy wheels upon the graveled walk. There was the sound of voices as he took farewell of the group on the back porch, and then the carriage came down the drive and turned into the road.

For a moment the world seemed to stand still for Ruby; then she leaped from the hammock and went flying down the dusty road after the buggy.

"Peter! Peter!" she called softly. "Come back. It was all a mistake. I do love you, and I will marry you, no matter what mother says."

In an instant he had sprung from the buggy and had her in his arms. Dabney came running up.

"I want to be the first to congratulate you, old man," he said as he grasped Peter's hand. "I knew you'd win, even if sis does hate all the men I know."

"All the men you know!" gasped Ruby.

"This is Pennington, Pete Pennington," he explained, "my roommate at college. He took the job to meet you without the disadvantage of my indorsement."

"I would have loved him anyhow," declared Ruby stoutly, "millionaire or R. F. D. clerk, as you like."

When You Are Bilious.

The only salvation for the person with a torpid liver, according to What to Eat, is through a changed system of dietetics, combined with exercise in the outdoor air, calisthenics and deep breathing. The person with a bad liver should habitually practice deep and long breathing, filling the lungs at each inhalation. The curative dietary must consist principally of nerve or brain food, including fish and a reasonable amount of beef, with generous quantities of cereal foods and the fruits that are rich in acids. In warm weather it is best to abstain from milk altogether. Butter and vegetable fats, olive oil, boiled rice, baked apples, baked potatoes, graham or whole wheat bread, soft boiled eggs, all constitute a safe and nourishing diet for the bilious person. At the first symptom of biliousness squeeze the juice of half a lemon in the water you drink just before breakfast and before going to bed at night.

Max's Mission.

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

Max would not have taken the short cut through the alley had not Tengrove, the clean cut young chap who had given him the note, impressed upon him the need of great speed.

"She will be leaving the house for the boat at 11," he had said as Max tucked the envelope into his breast pocket. "It's a half dollar if you get there before she leaves."

Max grinned with the wisdom of his fourteen years. For two years he had worn the blue uniform of the messenger service, and one learns a very great deal in two years. He winked at Tengrove and darted out of the office.

All of the boys steered clear of the alley, a slum of the financial district, for more than once messengers had been held up by a gang of roughs who had a pull with the political leader of the district.

But this letter did not contain money, and the short cut meant a saving of five minutes, and so Max took chances. He had almost reached the far end of the alley when an arm shot out from a dark doorway and dragged him inside the gloomy hall. Three or four half grown boys were drinking out of a can, but the vessel was set down as they crowded about their captive.

With quietly hands the leader drew out the letter and eagerly opened it in search of the money he thought might be within. His face grew black as he laboriously read the note, and while one of the others went through the boy's pockets, fellowing him of what small coins he had, the leader read aloud the tender pleadings by which Tengrove had hoped to win Dorothy Metheun's forgiveness. Max squirmed as the youths shouted in coarse glee at the burning words, but he could not wriggle out of the grasp on his coat collar. Not until the letter had been read did they let him go.

"Gimme the note," he demanded hoarsely. For answer the bully tore it into tiny pieces and threw them into the boy's face.

"There it is," he said roughly. "The next time we catch you, and you don't have money we are going to kill you. See?"

Max made a dive for the envelope and darted out of the entry, skillfully evading the kick aimed at him by his tormentor. He had no thoughts of the police. He must hurry to the Metheun house. There was no time to go back for another letter. Miss Metheun would be gone by then. It was not the first time he had carried notes for the nice looking man, and he was loyal to somebody out of this scrape.

By dint of stealing rides on the street cars he made his way to the residential section and doggedly up the front steps of the Metheun town house.

The butler shook his head in answer to the boy's demand for an audience with Miss Metheun. Miss Metheun and Mrs. Metheun had gone to the yacht. It was the Sylvia and she was lying off the yacht station. He did not think that there would be time to reach the landing before the yacht sailed.

"Gimme a dime," demanded Max. "I gotter run for it. I was frisked. Hurry up," he added impatiently as the butler stared at the demand. Something in his manner compelled obedience, and the stolid servitor handed over the coin.

The car seemed to creep down to the docks, but at last they came to the landing, and he dashed out on the pier. The watchman pointed out the Sylvia, and even as he spoke the boat began to move slowly from the anchorage. There was a power boat at the landing stage with a good natured young fellow at the wheel. Max dropped down to his side.

"Was you ever in love wit' a gull?" he demanded of the skipper. The skipper admitted the charge.

"There's a fellow what loves a gull on that boat Sylvia," he said. "Less'n I get a message to her he won't git lies. Will you take me out?"

Max's earnestness was convincing, and, with a smile, the skipper nodded to the boy to jump in. Max sat gingerly upon the soft cushions, nursing the wrist that had been wrenched when he was fighting with the gang in the alley. He had roughly bandaged it with the rag he called a handkerchief, but now it was throbbing most unpleasantly.

The power boat slipped smoothly through the water, gaining rapidly on the Sylvia, and presently they were running side by side and with a "Tanks; you're th' real t'ing," Max had climbed aboard the yacht.

To the sailor who came to inquire his business he made demand for Miss Metheun and was led aft to where the party sat under the awnings.

"I got a message for you," he announced. "It ain't in writin'," he added as she stretched forth her hand; "leastwise it ain't written now."

"What is it?" she asked smilingly.

"It's a private message," he said meaningly as he glanced at a man who sat scowling at him. For a moment the girl hesitated, but for a third time Max's earnestness carried the day, and she followed him to the side of the boat. He drew out the envelope he had saved from destruction.

"That's all that's left of it," he apologized. "You know who he is. He told me to hurry, and I was runnin' through th' alley, and th' gang frisked me."

"They what?" she demanded.

"Frisked me," he explained—"went through me clothes, took me cash and read th' letter."

"The envelope is not sufficiently important to warrant such strenuous efforts to deliver it," she said a little coldly.

"But th' letter was a peach," he explained. "Th' gang read it out, and I remembered it. I come to tell you what was in it. Th' new lookin' guy said he was a darn fool to put up such a holler, and he was sorry he made the beef. He took it all back in big words—I can't remember 'em—but he said down all right."

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Mr. Tengrove apologized. Is that it?"

"Apologized ain't no word for it," said Max expansively. "It was down in the gutter for him. You c'd make him jump over a stick if you wanter. He backs up about not wantin' you t' go on the sail wit' dis guy, but he wants yer t' come back an' marry him afterward an' not hitch up wit' th' pirut over there." He indicated the scowling host, and Miss Metheun smiled faintly. Max thought that her smile was one of discredit, and his heart sank.

"I can't spiel no big words," he said disconsolately, "but on th' level if you c'd have heard him you'd be cryin' by now. He's dead gone on y', an' he's the candy kid all right. Please can't I tell him it's all right, lady? He's the real goods, an' he's sorry to beat th' band. I'm givin' it to y' straight."

Dorothy smiled. She, too, had regretted the quarrel that had followed Tengrove's jealousy and the earnestness of the boy was its echo in her own heart.

"You may tell Mr. Tengrove," she said softly, "that his envoy is a most able pleader and that his mission has been successful."

"That's yes?" demanded Max. "He c'n git th' ring?"

"It is yes," she assented softly. "Tell Mr. Tengrove that I shall be back in town day after tomorrow."

The yacht had drawn inshore and now it swung up to a dock. Dorothy leaned over and deliberately kissed the freckled cheek. "You were a dear to take all that trouble," she said softly.

Max looked up with shining eyes.

"It was worf it fer dis kiss," he said as he climbed on to the dock. "I wish I was Mr. Tengrove; betcher life I do."

RESPECT YOUR WORK.

Don't Go at It Complainingly, but Put Your Heart in It.

It ought not to be necessary to ask a man if he likes his work. The radiance of his face should tell that. His very buoyancy and pride in his work, the spirit of unbounded enthusiasm and zest, ought to show that. He ought to be so in love with his work that he would find his greatest delight in it, and this inward joy should light up his whole being.

A test of the quality of the individual is the spirit in which he does his work. If he goes to it grudgingly, like a slave under the lash, if he feels the drudgery in it, if his enthusiasm and love for it do not lift it out of commonness and make it a delight instead of a bore, he will never make a very great place for himself in the world.

The man who feels his life yoke galling him, who does not understand why the bread and butter question could not have been solved by one great creative act instead of every man's being obliged to wrench everything he gets from nature through hard work, the man who does not see a great beneficent design and a superb necessity in the principle that every one should earn his own living, has got a wrong view of life and will never get the splendid results out of his vocation which were intended for him.

The man who does not look upon his vocation as a great unfolding, enlarging, cultivating, educative, elevating process, the result of which could come in no other possible way, has made a very poor guess at life's riddle.

Multitudes of people do not half respect their work. They look upon it as a disagreeable necessity for providing bread and butter, clothing and shelter—as unavoidable drudgery instead of as a great man builder, a great life university for the development of manhood and womanhood. They do not see the divinity in the spur of necessity which compels men to develop the best thing in him, to unfold his possibilities by his struggle to attain his ambition, to conquer the enemies of his prosperity and his happiness. They cannot see the curse in the unearned dollar, which takes the spur out of the motive. Work to them is sheer drudgery—an unmitigated evil. They cannot understand why the Creator did not put bread ready made on trees. They cannot see that the best thing in man has ever been developed by the necessity of labor. They do not see the stamina, the grit, the nobility and the manhood in being forced to conquer what they get.

What a pitiable sight to see one of God's noblemen, made to hold up his head and to be a king, to be cheerful and happy and to radiate power, going about whining and complaining of his work, apologizing for what he is doing and deploring the fact that he should have to work at all.—Success Magazine.

The Explanation.

"That fellow," said Tete de Veau, "is always getting off the old joke about the difficulty of finding a woman's pocket."

"But, you know," L'Oignon explained, smiling, "he married a rich wife."—Exchange.

Not Quite What He Meant.

"Now, I don't suppose," said Miss Pussay coyly, "that you could guess my age."

"Really," replied Mr. Meanwell; "I—er—wouldn't like to. I'd be sure to—er—guess too high."—Philadelphia Press.

The Scrap Book

Would Be the Death of Her.

A priest asked a young man who had come to confess how he gained his living. "I'm an acrowbat, your riverence." The priest was perplexed. "I'll show ye what I mean in a brace of shakes," said the penitent, and in a moment was turning himself inside out in the most approved acrobatic fashion.

An old woman who had followed him to confession looked on horrified. "When it comes my turn, father," she gasped, "don't put a penance on me like that; it 'ud be the death of me!"

THE PARCHMENT TEARERS.

Ours is the hardest task, yet not the less
Shall we receive the blessing for our toil
From the choice spirits of the aftertime.
My soul is not a palace of the past,
Where outworn creeds, like Rome's gray senate, quaker
Hearing afar the vandal's trumpet hoarse
That shakes old systems with a thunder fit,
The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for change.
Then let it come. I have no dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind,
Nor think I that God's world will fall apart
Because we tear a parchment more or less.
—Lowell.

In a Different Class.

Melinda had eliminated the servant girl problem from our domestic circle for five years, and we felt conscience stricken on the subject of her pay.

"We've been paying Melinda $1 a week for three years," mother said, "and she does the washing every Monday just as regularly as the day comes."

"Why don't you pay her five a week?" father suggested.

"Let's," mother responded promptly.

Melinda was informed that she was to get five per henceforth. She was delighted. On the following Monday she did not bring forth the rubs on the back porch, as was her wont.

"Aren't you going to wash today, Melinda?" mother asked after the morning had worn along.

"No'm. I reckon dish gal's don't do no washin'. I'se fo' de cheapah ladies."—Lippincott's.

It Depended.

A Scotch ghillie was endeavoring to steer a boat load of ladies to a landing place on one of the highland lochs. A squall was brewing, and the steering was difficult. When one of the girls annoyed him by jumping up and calling out anxiously: "Oh, where are we going to?"

"If you flo and sit down and keep still, my young leddy," said the minister pilot, "that will verra much depend on how you were brought up."

One Point of View.

Bart Kennedy, the English novelist and sociologist, says of our senate:

"The senate is true to the American people. Oh, yes, very true to them—very true indeed. Whenever I think about how true the senate is to the people, the case of Mary Mills comes into my mind. Mary's husband was a soldier out in India fighting for his king. One day a friend said to Mary:

"'Mary, are your thoughts always true to Charlie away out there fighting the hill tribes?'

"'Yes, indeed, they are,' Mary answered. 'Whenever a man kisses me I shut my eyes and try to think it's Charlie.'"

The Audience Agreed With Him.

An English orator rose to make an extended speech. He began:

"Mr. Chairman, I have lived long enough—"

"Hear, hear!" yelled the audience, and amid a storm of laughter the aspirant for political honors resumed his seat.

Stood the Test.

Coasters of Cape Cod can tell where they are by a scrutiny of the sand brought up by the lead. Captain Bunker, confined to his cabin by sickness, once directed that the lead should be brought to his berth for his inspection. The craft belonged to Nantucket and was in a sand ballast. The mate, doubting the captain's infallibility, dropped the lead into the ballast.

The captain's eyes dilated when he saw it, and he asked, "Do you say you got this sand by sounding?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, by the great horn spoon, Nantucket's sunk, and we are right over Tupper's Hill!"

Hard Praying.

An old colored man stole a pig and after getting home with the animal knelt to pray before retiring. His wife heard him praying to the Lord to forgive him for stealing the pig. She went to sleep with Uncle Eph still praying. Later in the night she woke up and saw her husband still kneeling in prayer. At daybreak his supplications had not ceased. "Eph, why don't you come to bed?" asked his wife. "Let me 'lone, Hiah. De mo' I tries to 'splain to de Lord how I come to steal dat pig de wusser I gits mixed."

As They Were Written.

A New England druggist is preparing a unique scrap book, containing the written orders of some customers of foreign birth. Here are some that are copied from the originals:

"I have a cute pain in my child's diagram. Please give my son something to release it.

"Dear Docther, pies gif bearer five sense worse of Auntie Toxyn for garle baby's throat and obleage.

"My little baby has eat up its father's parish plaster. Send an anecdote quick as possible by the enclosed girl.

"This child is my little girl. I send you five cent to buy two sitless powders for a grown up adult who is sike.

"You will please give the lettle bot five cents worth of epecac for to throw up in a five months old babe. N. B.—The babe has a sore stummick.

"I has a hot time in my insides and wish I were like it to be extinguished. What is good for to extinguish it? The enclosed money is the price of the extinguisher. Hufry pleas."

Apostle and Epistle.

A man riding through the mountains of Tennessee stopped one evening to water his horse before a little cabin, outside of which sat an old colored woman watching the antics of a couple of pickaninnies playing near by.

"Good evening, aunty," he called. "Cute pair of boys you've got. Your children?"

"Laws-a-massy! Muh chillun! 'Deed, dem's mah daughter's chillums. Come hyah, you boys."

As the boys obeyed the summons the man inquired their names.

"Clah to goodness, suh, dem chillums is right sonsht named!" said the old woman. "Ye see, mah daughter done got 'ligion long ago, an' named dese hyah boys right out de Bible, suh. Dis hyah one's named Apostle Paul, an' de uddah's called Epistle Peter."

A Pertinent Query.

"Beg pardon, sir," began the beggar, stopping a suburbanite at the ferry. "Can you spare a few cents to help me across the river?"

"Haven't you any money at all?"

"Not a cent," replied the beggar.

"Then what difference does it make which side of the river you're on?"—Lippincott's.

He Recognized Them.

"Private" John Allen of Mississippi stood watching the parade of the Grand Army of the Republic.

"That's a fine lot of men," commented Allen, who fought all through the civil war on the Confederate side. "There is something strangely familiar about them. It seems that I have seen many of them before."

"Do you mean to say," asked Senator Mason of Illinois, who stood alongside, "that you recognize any of those faces forty years after the close of the war?"

"Not faces; backs."

The Signature Was Good.

When the late Governor Gilmore of New Hampshire was superintendent of the Concord and Claremont railroad he once wrote a letter to one of his section bosses who had done something to displease him. All the man could make out were the date and Superintendent Gilmore's signature.

Some time afterward, being in Concord, the man went to call on the superintendent at his office.

"Hello, John, how do you do?" said Mr. Gilmore. "Well, what are you doing now?"

"Why, I'm up here at the same place on the section, Mr. Gilmore."

"What! Didn't you get a letter from me?" inquired the chief.

"Yes, certainly."

"Well, didn't you know that that was a letter of dismissal?"

"Letter of dismissal!" cried the astonished John. "No! I couldn't make it out, except that it was from headquarters and signed by you, sir. But after some study I concluded it was a pass. As none of the conductors on the road could read it they all accepted my statement that it was a pass from Mr. Gilmore, and I have been riding on it ever since."

John kept his place on the section.

Sacred Rights.

A true specimen of manly chivalry was encountered in a Boston kindergarten. The teacher discovered that a very small boy was chewing gum, and she bade him disgorge it.

"I can't," he said.

"You can't?" she answered in surprise. "Why, yes, you can, and you must."

"No, I can't," he persisted and kept the gum in his mouth.

"Now, why can't you give me that gum, Johnny?"

"Because it belongs to a little girl in Somerville."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Hard Lines.

"My mother gives me a nicker every morning when I take cod liver oil," said Willie proudly.

"What do you do with it?" inquired his little friend.

"Mother puts it in a money box until there is a dollar."

"And what then?"

"Why, then mother buys another bottle of cod liver oil with it."

Embarrassed the Boy.

A business man was telling some friends of the disadvantages of having two telephones in his business office.

"A new office boy entered upon the discharge of his duties last week," said the merchant, "among which duties is that of answering the telephone calls. The very first call resulted in his coming to me with the statement:

"'You're wanted at the phone by a lady, sir.'

"'Which one?' I asked, thinking of the two phones.

"'Well, sir,' said the boy after an embarrassed pause, 'I—I think it's your wife, sir!'"—Harper's Weekly.

A Chance For Fighting Bob.

Through a typographical error in the title a bill came to the senate reading "A bill to retire petty officers in the navy," etc., when it should have read "petty" officers.

Senator Tillman, who is no great shakes for beauty himself, saw the bill, read the title and said: "That's a good idea. Retire all the pretty officers and give Bob Evans a chance."

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"GET OUT THE VOTE"

The Veteran "Uncle Tom" Cooper Calls Upon "the Old Guard."

A WARNING TO WORKERS

Governor Stuart Pays Another High Tribute to the Republican Nominee For State Treasurer, John O. Sheats.

(Special Correspondence.)

Philadelphia, Oct. 22.

"Uncle Tom" Cooper, the sage of Media, and for many years the Republican field marshal of the Keystone state, has issued a call to arms for the "Old Guard" of Pennsylvania Republicanism to come out and vote for John O. Sheats, the nominee for state treasurer at the approaching election.

For nearly 10 years "Uncle Tom" was at the head of the Republican state committee. He has gone through many a political campaign, and whether in victory or defeat, he always bobs up smiling and ready to go at his old-time foe, the Democracy, with all the vehemence and ardor of his nature.

"John O. Sheats is going to be elected state treasurer, because he deserves to be elected," said the perennial Cooper today. "He is an ideal Republican candidate, and is entitled to the vote of every Republican in the state. He needs no platform in this campaign but his own personality and his own record in public and private life. I served with him in the legislature and know his character and his work. I also know that he is a typical Pennsylvanian and that he will allow nothing to interfere with a faithful and conscientious performance of the official duties. No one could get him to vote for a bill in the legislature that he did not believe was in the interest of the people. I know the influences that were brought to bear upon him to do otherwise, and I was there when he boldly, time and again, voted 'NO' when the roll was called upon such measures. We want men of that stripe in the office of state treasurer.

Warning to Party Men.

"There is just a word I have to say to the men in the party organization in the various counties of the state. Do not be fooled. The Democrats are wide-awake and are going to get out their vote. The independent movements have gone to smash, but the old-time Democratic enemy is still doing business at the old stand and will be at the polls on election day. No one, of course, looks for Mr. Sheatz's defeat, but it is just such conditions as exist today that have cost the Republican party dearly in the past. The Republican vote must be got to the polls.

"Taking it for granted that everything is all right has been the undoing of many a party leader. What we want at the coming election is the greatest possible percentage of the vote put into the ballot boxes, and then we will be able to celebrate a victory of which every Republican can be proud, and which will put the party in this state in full strength upon the firing line for the presidential battle of next year.

"Get out the vote; get out the vote; get out the vote."

Probably no man in Pennsylvania is taking a keener interest in the canvass for the election of Mr. Sheatz than is Edwin S. Stuart.

The governor was intensely gratified when Mr. Sheatz received the nomination, and he was quick to give a cordial indorsement of the action of the convention.

Governor Stuart's Advice.

The governor is just now busy with his attorney general in preparing the state capitol cases for trial. He does not neglect, however, upon any proper occasion, to urge the election of Mr. Sheats.

While his official duties would not permit him to attend the great Republican rally in Pittsburg on Saturday evening last, Governor Stuart sent a ringing letter, which was read at the meeting, advocating the election of the Republican nominee for state treasurer.

In this letter, Governor Stuart, among other things, said:

"I regret that an important business engagement made some time ago, which I am unable to postpone, will prevent me from accepting your kind invitation. I assure you that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to come to Pittsburg and speak to the people of Allegheny county in favor of the election of John O. Sheats, Republican candidate for state treasurer. I have known him for upwards of 20 years. He has served the state faithfully as a member of the legislature, is absolutely incorruptible, and will conduct the office of state treasurer with credit to himself and honor to the Republican party, and I do not hesitate to say with entire satisfaction to the people of Pennsylvania, there is no reason why any citizen should hesitate to cast his vote for Mr. Sheats."

Candidate Sheats has had a series of ovations since he started out upon the stump. In Bradford, Kane and Indiana, where he went prior to his visit to Pittsburg on Saturday last, he was met by great crowds and was assured of loyal support.

Mr. Sheats is not a professional orator. He is a plain, matter-of-fact talker, but he never fails to impress his audience with his sincerity of purpose and with his determination to meet every obligation of the trust which is surely to be imposed in him by the people.

Sure.

Sunday School Teacher—Tommy, can you tell me what caused the flood? Small Tommy—Yes, ma'am. It rained.

THE CITADEL OF PROTECTION

National Administration and National Party Policies at Issue, and Size of the Majority Will Be Significant.

(Special Correspondence.)

Harrisburg, Oct. 22.

Just two weeks from today the voters of Pennsylvania will be called upon to go to the polls and decide whether they shall be enrolled as members of the party of Republicanism, the party of Roosevelt and the party of Prosperity, or be enlisted with the Democracy, the party of Bryanism, Hearstism and uncertainty and demoralization in governmental and business conditions.

The verdict of Pennsylvania, given on Tuesday, November 5th, will be a verdict that will be fraught with national significance, that will mean much in its bearing upon the great presidential contest which will begin immediately after the result of this election shall be announced, and which will determine whether Pennsylvania is to be a potential factor in framing the policies and in selecting the nominee of the next Republican national convention.

The greater the majority for the nominee of the Republican party, the greater will be the emphasis with which the voters of the state will herald to the world their continued fealty to the administration and the cause of Republicanism in the nation.

While reports of the most encouraging character are being received by Chairman Andrews at the Republican state headquarters, it is also a fact that great danger is apprehended from a feeling of over confidence which exists among the great rank and file of the Republican voters. The fact that the party is united, that there is no fusion movement in any county in the state and that the organizations of the Lincoln Party and other independent elements have disintegrated, naturally gives a feeling of security to the county and precinct committeemen of the Republican party.

Danger in Over-Confidence.

But it is just such a condition of affairs that leads old-time campaign managers to be concerned about the polling of the Republican vote. Taking it for granted that victory was assured, has resulted in many a defeat. A great falling off of the Republican vote, even though the candidate for state treasurer shall be elected, would, from the standpoint of national politics, be a Republican defeat in Pennsylvania this fall.

Within the last 10 days there have been undoubted signs of a revival of interest in the Democracy.

The Democratic state committee has, from some source or other, been supplied with ample funds with which to make an aggressive campaign. Their candidate for state treasurer is addressing meetings nightly and a corps of spellbinders are at work in every county in the state lining up the Democratic voters for what they insist is the skirmish of next year's presidential battle.

Democrats Are Looking Ahead.

These Democratic orators are telling their followers that the Democrats of the nation are getting together, that they have bright hopes of winning the presidency next year and that the Republicans are divided upon the tariff issue and upon other questions that will give the Democrats an opening in the coming national contest.

Colonel James M. Guffey, who announces that he is a candidate to succeed himself on the Democratic national committee, is showing his interest in the national phase of the situation by rounding up his lieutenants in the several congressional districts of the state and getting them to pick out men for delegates to the national convention who will vote for his re-election as national committeeman. Guffey wants Pennsylvania's Republican majority to be cut down this fall so that he can then announce that the party is divided upon the tariff and that even in Pennsylvania, the citadel of protection, there is a large constituency among the Republicans who agree with the Republicans of the western and eastern states, who are advocating the "Iowa idea" for scaling down the tariff schedules.

Workingmen of Pennsylvania, manufacturers of Pennsylvania, business men of Pennsylvania and farmers of Pennsylvania, who have become happy and prosperous under the Pennsylvania idea of a protective tariff, it is predicted, are not going to shirk their duty this fall, they are not going to give the tariff revisionists a slogan with which to go to the next Republican national convention proclaiming that the Republicans of Pennsylvania are at odds, that there is a large element in favor of the "Iowa idea," and that the result of the election, the falling off of the Republican vote and the reduction of the Republican majority, means that there is dissatisfaction with existing conditions and that there is a demand for a change in the policies of the party.

The Ants of the Himalayas.

In the Himalayas, on the side facing India, the limit of perpetual snow is about 6,500 feet higher than in the Alps. One result of this is that various forms of life are found in the great Asian mountains at an elevation which seems extraordinary. Among these are many species of ants. Up to nearly 10,000 feet the ants are very abundant, and even at the elevation of 12,000 feet four species have been found, and it is believed that more careful investigation would show that they exist even at 18,000 feet or more. A unique fact not found in any other great mountain range is that the Himalayas possess an immense variety of local species of ants. Out of 315 forms recognized in the Himalayas fifty are peculiar to those mountains.—Youth's Companion.

The Head of the Family.

Mrs. Hoyle—Mr. Boyle is looking for a horse that a woman can drive. Mrs. Doyle—That's a fine of hors, getting things she can drive. Her husband is that kind of a man.—New York Press.

THE LYCEUM

Saturday, Oct. 26.

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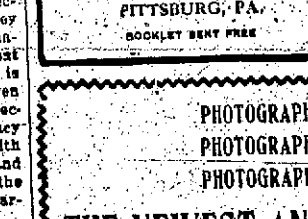

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God Save the Commonwealth

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

PURSUANT TO AN ACT OF GENERAL assembly of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to regulate the nomination and election of public officers, requiring certain expenses incident thereto to be paid by the several counties, and punishing certain offenses in regard to such elections," approved the 19th day of June A. D. 1906, (and its several amendments) I, George W. Mitchell, High Sheriff of the county of McKean, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of McKean county, that a general election will be held in the said county of McKean on TUESDAY, the 5th day of November, A. D., 1907 (being the TUESDAY next following the FIRST MONDAY of said month) for the purpose of electing the following officers, viz:—

One person for State Treasurer.

One person for County Treasurer.

One person for Coroner.

I also make known and give notice that the following is a correct list of the nominations for the respective offices above recited, namely:—

STATE TREASURER

(Mark One)

John O. Sheatz, Republican

John G. Harman, Democratic

Matthew H. Stevenson, Prohibition

Samuel Clark, Socialist

COUNTY TREASURER

(Mark One)

Anthony F. Hannon, Republican

F. P. Isherwood, Democratic

S. M. Love, Prohibition

Frank L. Smith, Socialist

CORONER

(Mark One)

E. R. Shoruan, Republican

J. H. Robison, Democratic

H. A. Place, Prohibition

W. S. Clark, Socialist

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid general election in the several townships, boroughs and wards within the county of McKean, are as follows, to-wit:

The township of Annin, in the building known as Simpson's store, now Shecalee Hall, at Turtle Point.

BRADFORD CITY.

First ward, First district—At Armory Hall, Corydon street.

First ward, Second district—C. J. Lane's building, on Boylston street, near Pine.

Second Ward, First District—In the basement of the New Universalist Church, at the southeast corner of South Avenue and Corydon Street, in the first precinct of the second Ward in the said City of Bradford.

Second ward, Second district—At Kriedt's barn.

Third ward, First district—Northwest corner of Washington and Pearl streets, in building owned by C. G. Fitzgibbon.

Third ward, Second district—At lot on south side of Washington street a little west of Center street, booth to be provided by County.

Fourth ward—Land of New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company.

Fifth ward—Roberts' tank shop on Main street, near bridge.

Sixth ward—At Epworth Hall, next door to Methodist church on the North side of East Main street.

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

First district—At Jewett Hall, Custer City.

Second district—A point at or near the cross employment's chemical works, on lands of W. H. Emery, in a suitable building erected by the county commissioners.

The township of Corea, a house owned by D. P. Roberts located on the west side of Union street in the town of Corea.

CORYDON TOWNSHIP.

First district—The first floor of a new building owned by E. D. Tome, across the highway from said Tome's residence.

Second district—At a building near the school house, known as the Tindall Corner school house, in Warrant No. 3122, on road leading up Sugar Creek to Marshburg, near the residence of E. S. Holmes.

The borough of Eldred at hose house, Edson street.

The township of Eldred—Building owned by school district on south side of Pennsylvania railroad, near depot.

FOSTER TOWNSHIP.

First district—The lower floor of the A. O. U. W. hall, at Derrick City, in said district.

Second district—In the A. P. Corwin building at Corwin Centre.

HAMLIN TOWNSHIP.

First District—The Opera House Building on the south side of the Main Road, in the Village of Hazelhurst.

Second district—At Lantz's store.

Third district—The room used as a reading room on the ground floor of the "Reading Room Building" in the village of Kushequa.

The borough of Mt. Jewett—The east room of the first floor of the city building and known as the hose room.

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

First district—At the school house in Ludlow.

Second district—The ground floor of Maccabee hall situate at Morrison.

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

First District—Geo. Howe's Hall, being in the second story of said Hall, situated on the South side of the public highway leading through Keating, Smethport, in the rear of said Howe's blacksmith Shop.

Second district—At new building of J. C. Shull, at Farmers Valley.

Third district—In the village of Simpson, in said district, in the building known as the "Ancient Order United Workman's hall."

KANE BOROUGH.

First Ward—The new hose house in the alley in the rear of No. 311 Park Avenue in said Boro of Kane.

Second ward—In Jack Brooder's barn on the north side of Field street.

Third ward—The lower floor or truck room of the Mountain Hose Company building on Biddle street in said third ward.

Fourth ward—The building of the Kane Hose Company, No. 3, in said ward.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the south room on the first floor of the Odd Fellows building at Mt. Alton, in said district.

Second District—The Hose House on the south side of the main Road in the Village of Lewis Run.

Third district—The building of Mrs. E. C. Tenny in the Village of Lafayette on the north side of the highway 30 rods east of said Newton building.

Fourth district—The rear of the store building of Elisha K. Kane, in the village of Olivedale, in said Township of Lafayette.

The township of Liberty in a building near the grocery store of E. Dudley at a point on the Smethport road about 90 rods northwest from the bridge crossing the river from the borough of Port Allegany.

The borough of Port Allegany, second story of public building.

NORWICH TOWNSHIP.

First district—Norwich township hall.

Second district—At a building owned by the Commissioners at Garlton.

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the building known as "Uncle Sam" in the village of Duke Centre in said district.

Second District—The I. O. O. F. Hall, situate on the north side of the Main street in the village of Rixford in said Township of Otto.

The borough of Smethport in southeast corner of basement of COURT HOUSE.

WETMORE TOWNSHIP.

The Old School House on the North Side of the Wilcox Road at East Kane, next to John Nelson's store.

SERGEANT TOWNSHIP.

First District—The newly erected Town Hall situated at Clermont.

Second district—In the old residence of P. O. Black at Freeman.

Polls to be open at 7 o'clock a. m. and to be closed at 7 o'clock p. m.

I also make known and give notice that every person, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States or of this state or of any city or incorporated district whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary department of this State or of the United States or of any city or incorporated district, and also, that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature and of the Select or Common Council of any city or Commissioners of any incorporated district is by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Given under my hand this 21st day of October, A. D. 1907.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

SEE WHAT'S HERE!

The New Suits for Fall have come.

They are now in stock and waiting to be looked at.

There are a lot of new things in colorings and in patterns.

The cuts are a little different from last season.

We wish this announcement to be your invitation to look over this new stock.

It may be early; you may not need a suit now, but the experience of looking will be a treat.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

Notice of Application for Incorporation.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, on the 19th day of November, A. D. 1907, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, under the Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, by J. W. Waite, Edgar W. Strong, P. H. Himelville, M. L. Armstrong, Jas. McCoy, Sheridan Gorton and others, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "Smethport Firemen's Relief Association," of the State of Pennsylvania, the character and object of which is for the purpose of providing for and maintaining a fund for the relief, support and burial of its members and their successors who may be crippled or killed or who may be prevented from attending to their usual occupation or calling on account of chronic ailments or personal injury caused through exposure or accident while doing public fire duty, and for the pensioning of the widows and orphans, or dependent parents of members who may be killed or who may die from injuries received while in the discharge of their duties as firemen, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the Act of Assembly aforesaid and its supplements.

GORTON & RICHMOND, Solicitors.

Notice.

In re Maggie Ross : No. 316, June
A Lunatic. : Term, 1902.

In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Penna.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Sheridan Gorton, Committee of Lunacy of the above named Maggie Ross, has exhibited and filed in the Office of the Prothonotary his final account as such Committee, and that the said account will be allowed By the Court on the 11 day of November, A. D. 1907, unless cause be shown why the same should not be allowed.

SAMUEL E. BELL,
Prothonotary

October 10, 1907.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the application of William H. Hungerford, occupation, wholesale liquor dealer, and Fred H. Hungerville, occupation, clerk, present residence Smethport, Pa., for transfer of wholesale liquor license granted to Joseph A. Holder, at No. 65 Jane Sessions, 1907, on the 10th day of May, 1907, and transferred to the said William H. Hungerford on the first day of June, 1907, at the store building situate on the South side of Main street, in Square No. 82, known as the Joseph A. Holder building, in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, will be heard by the court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in Chambers in Smethport, Pa., on Saturday, the 19th day of October, 1907, at 9 o'clock p. m.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Attorneys for Applicants.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Frank O. Richmond, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Frank O. Kean County late of the borough of Smethport, Richmond, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

MARY E. RICHMOND, Administratrix.

Smethport, Pa., Sept. 9th, 1907.

Notice of Administration.

In the matter of the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of McKean County upon the estate of Margaret E. Wilson, late of Keating Township, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

W. E. WILSON, Administrator.

Cyclone, Pennsylvania, September 11, 1907.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

Gorton & Richmond,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention. Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Mosher's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

M. L. Armstrong,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the late firm of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a

All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. P. Sherman,

EXPENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 107 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 404.

Physicians.

Burg Chadwick, M. D.

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Office in Drug Store.

Calls answered promptly day or night.

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H. L. McCoy.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in L. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Office and Residence over Lemmler's barness shop.

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G. E. Bennighoff,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 11:30 to 1:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

J. C. Brown,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

Office and Residence, Hamilton Block second floor, Smethport, Pa.

Dr. E. R. Baker,

DENTIST.

Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.

Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

C. M. COLEGROVE

COUNTY SURVEYOR

SMETHPORT - - - PENNA

Office at residence, 40 W. King St.

Hotels.

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL,

JAMES MCGUIRE, Prop'r

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

WRIGHT HOUSE,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

DODGE & SHERBURNE, Props.

F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.

This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,

T. H. PURTLE, Prop.

125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

Farmer's Hotel

P. STRAVINO, PROP.

203 Water St., Smethport, Pa.

Furnished and unfurnished rooms and table board. First class meals at $1.00 per day. All callers are cordially welcomed.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love,

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

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